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EDMOND ROSTAND'S PLAY, "CYRANO DE BERGERAC," AT THE LYCEUM.

CYRANO: *Si gentiment! si gaiement maternelle!*—ACT II.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have a friend who is a great philosopher at this time of year. At other seasons he is pretty much like the rest of us, sentimental, disputatious, sceptical, egotistical; but when summer sets in he grows calm, and writes articles in a weekly journal on sports. These form a sort of moral calendar, and when I see the first of them I know that my friend's annual crusade against the passions of town life has begun. He has lately explained that the grouse in Scotland are not suffering from lead-poisoning. I have no knowledge of the subject, but dimly surmise that the birds do not die of chewing small shot. Then he expands about otter-hunting with the serenity of a man who loves the otter as the fisherman loves the worm. In such a mood he expounds his philosophy to me like this: "Sport, my dear fellow, is the sovereign remedy for a disordered brain. When you have a bad attack of politics, theology, literature—all of them town diseases—let your mind run on trout. Don't tell me you can't fish. Get a rod and gaze at it, and you will feel a holy peace! There is no such cure for the nerves, especially the reviewer's nerves, as bookishness. Take a golf-club, carry it under your arm for a while, as if you were a caddy. The effect is wonderfully soothing, and when you do hit a ball, you won't mistake it for an author's head! Don't worry yourself with ideas; don't argue; think of others, and write about instincts and the open air!"

A distinguished Italian professor has been preaching much the same thing. He does not prescribe otters for what he calls the hyperaesthetic temperament, but he says, "Down with polemics! Whosoever is born polemical is always at war with something or somebody. It is time for science to make an end of this!" So he is going to write a book, and I can already anticipate some of his most pregnant phrases. Awaken interest in the otter. Teach the Spaniard the habits of the trout. Lecture the American on the wholesome operation of lead—not as it issues from a battery, but as it lodges in a grouse! You never know how a polemical craze may seize you. A brilliant man of letters who goes to public dinners and makes speeches is very angry with this practice of after-dinner oratory. If he were imbued with my friend's rural calm, he would adopt one of three courses: first, not to go to these dinners; next, to go, but not to speak; thirdly, to speak, but not to hold up himself and others to public scorn afterwards for this supposed misdemeanour. His actual behaviour betrays the evil influence of the town in summer; it is urban, but scarcely urbane. Once the golf-club is in his hand again, this fit of polemics will leave him and restore to us the genial philosopher that we know!

I suspect it was a craving for this refreshment of spirit which took such a multitude to a green spot at West Kensington one afternoon last week. Brooding over my friend's advice, I bethought me of the Oxford and Cambridge sports. Here was an opportunity to flee from tormented mind and spend an afternoon with athletic matter! As I looked at the crowd, I saw they were all bent on the same purpose. There were politicians whose nostrils ceased to curve with derision at the lamentable spectacle presented by honourable members opposite; there were theologians from whose brows vanished the furrows ploughed by angry letters in the *Times* on "lawlessness in the Church"; there were fair women whose faces lost the wrinkles made by mischievous gossip overheard at last night's ball. It was as if a curtain of intrigue, offended conscience, and personal injury were suddenly withdrawn, disclosing a noble expanse of honest emotion and kindly simplicity! We had come out of a desert of egotism to this green oasis where a number of academic youths with bare legs performed various exercises which caused them a good deal of physical distress. There were some that ran, and some that leaped like troutlets in a pool. I tried to dismiss every literary association from my mind, but Hood's line was irresistible, and troutlets were in keeping with the sportive moment. The bare legs jumped—the high jump, and the long jump, and the hurdle jump; they ran the three-mile race till some of them gave way, and I wished that every runner had three legs like the Isle of Man crest, and wondered why spare bare legs and a fresh supply of wind were not ready in the pavilion.

I came away from the sports with a mind attuned to all manner of simple beliefs and kindly ordinances. What more natural than to assume, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling does, that Shakspeare evolved the story of "The Tempest" out of the yarn of a drunken sailor he met in the pit at the Blackfriars Theatre, and subsequently regaled at a tavern? In the same way he may have learned from Bacon—but no! This tends towards polemics, and I am sworn off since Oxford won the three-mile race! The sailor was a man after Shakspeare's own heart, to be plied with sack till he romanced like anything. After the fifteenth quart or so he was quite sure that Prospero's island was the home of mischievous spirits, who played tricks on himself and his companions when they went ashore for a lark, as sober a band of mariners as any in King James's

service. So the story grew till the seafaring gentleman was speechless, and fell sound asleep; whereupon, no doubt, the actor-manager produced an ink-horn and a quill and wrote "The Tempest" on the tavern table. Did not W. G. Wills, as his brother testified, often write an act straight off, after inspiring himself with a warm bath and the strains of a musical-box? Say that, at a modest computation, Shakspeare had five times the cerebral activity of Wills, and you see "The Tempest" written while the sailor (no bad equivalent for the musical-box) snores melodiously on a bench! I can believe the tale, even with the embellishments I have added without Mr. Kipling's leave. Have I not seen Cambridge throw the hammer?

A correspondent writes to me: "From your wide knowledge of the world"—I don't blush at this, for have I not seen Oxford jump?"—can you tell me who buys lots at an auction of relics like Nos. 92 (two gas-posts from Haworth Old Church), 102 (portion of the carpet from the Brontë pew), in enclosed catalogue? I suppose the same person would also buy No. 64 (hassock from the Brontë pew), or are there enough desperate relic-hunters left to compete with each other over these deplorable articles? This refers to the sale at Sotheby's of certain effects of the late Robinson Brown, son of William Brown, sexton at Haworth under the Rev. Patrick Brontë. In the catalogue I find "footstool from the Brontë parsonage" and "two pewter tea-pots and cream-jugs used by the Brontë family." Why does my correspondent speak of such things as "deplorable articles"? The phrase savours of polemics. I am not much of a relic-hunter, but I could cherish a hurdle which had been leaped by perspiring Blues, and why should I question the uplifting of soul in the possessor of a Brontë cream-jug? The hurdle might make me an athlete; the cream-jug may diffuse the spirit of romance round some aspiring tea-table at five o'clock, and every brew in the pewter pots thrill the veins (if not the brains) of budding novelists! Or the spell, which has passed through another atmosphere since Charlotte Brontë and her sister drank tea at Haworth, may simply produce another sexton! The virtue of relics is varied so much by transmission that nobody can say what could be done now with the quart-pot with which Shakspeare stimulated the fancy of Mr. Kipling's sailor.

Rupert of Hentzau is dead, and Rudolph Rassendyll is dead, and I feel bereaved. Rupert was one of the most picturesque villains I have ever met in romance, and Rudolph was cast in a heroic mould which did not remove him too far apart from average mortals. Moreover, both had resumed the game which they left off at the end of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and to play the same game twice without boring the spectators is to show extraordinary mettle. With the end of "Rupert of Hentzau," Mr. Anthony Hope, I presume, has finished the annals of Ruritania. Old Dumas would have utilised such promising material in still another volume. Colonel Sapt is not dead, and there might be a lively future for Bernersheim and Rischenheim, who are still young. But I mourn for Rupert above all, because there are so many romantic villains about, not nearly so stirring, who show symptoms of living on from book to book, though I could cheerfully indite their epitaphs. This practice of leasing a villain for an indefinite series of novels; as if he were as durable as a house which is let for ninety-nine years, is too widespread to be freely encouraged. There are some real personages one would like to see, so to speak, in successive incarnations. For instance, there is the Mahdi. I thought of him the other evening in a restaurant, where a grave and dignified Oriental in a flowing robe made coffee. He stood motionless, near the entrance, making the visitor think at first that he was a life-size curio. I am told that at Cairo you may stumble against immobile images of Eastern deportment, who are engaged by hotel proprietors to pique the Western curiosity. If the Khalifa should be brought from Omdurman a prisoner, he ought to command any price for such a function. Perchance we shall see him yet in a London restaurant brewing the coffee. I hope he will put nothing polemical into it to settle the infidels!

I am not superstitious, not in the least spookish, but I confess to a slight spasm of eerie dread when I read that story of W. G. Wills and the waxen image of Dutton Cooke. Wills was annoyed by a dramatic critic who cut up his plays, but always met him affably at the club. This doubling of the parts of charming acquaintance and public executioner prompted Wills to remind the critic that he had modelled Dutton Cooke with a lump of wax, and melted the figure at the fire only a day or two before Cooke's death was announced in the *Times*. "I can easily make a little bust in wax of your head," he added. "Shall I do it?" After that the public executioner became as genial as the charming acquaintance. I commend this story with some trepidation to the much-reviewed, especially to indignant ladies who say that gross injustice is done to their "prepositions." Let them address the executioner thus: "Sir, you thought yourself safe behind the mask of anonymity; but I secured your photograph and modelled you in wax. You are now dissolving in a saucer before a slow fire! I shall keep my eye on the obituary notices!" He would have to be a very robust critic who could stand that without flinching.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor was visited on Friday by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne; on Saturday by the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece (Duke and Duchess of Sparta), Prince and Princess Christian and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Louis of Battenberg. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is staying with her Majesty. Prince Arthur of Connaught and the young Duke of Albany lunched with the Queen on Sunday. Princess Henry of Battenberg came home from Germany on Monday evening.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, their guests the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the royal family, were at the State Concert given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on Friday evening.

The Queen on Wednesday this week visited the camp at Aldershot, under command of the Duke of Connaught, and presented new colours to the 3rd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards; next day her Majesty reviewed all the troops on Laffan's Plain, and opened the new hospital for soldiers' wives and children.

Princess Louise at Devonport on Tuesday, with the Lords of the Admiralty, launched the new ship of war, H.M.S. *Ocean*. Her Royal Highness was the guest of the Earl of Mount-Edgcombe.

The Duchess of York, who is at Sandringham, on June 29 went to King's Lynn and visited the Show of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, her husband, who is its President, being with his ship, H.M.S. *Crescent*, in the Irish Sea.

The Duchess of Albany presided at a fête held at Camden Park, Chiselhurst, in aid of the Deptford Fund for the benefit of the poor of Deptford. On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duchess of Albany, were at Deptford for the performance of laying the foundation-stone of a building in the new road continuing Evelyn Street, to be erected by the trustees of the Deptford Fund, to provide social clubs, separately for women and girls, for men and boys, of the labouring class, a hall for entertainments and lectures, class-rooms for teaching, public kitchens, with girls' classes for cooking and laundry and other useful work. The Duchess of Albany took the chair as President of the institution; the Bishop of Rochester, Lord Templetown, Lord Belhaven, Sir G. Hayter Chubb, trustees, and Mr. A. H. Tarleton, chairman of the committee of management, assisted her Royal Highness; and the Prince of Wales made an encouraging speech.

The Prince of Wales has this week been at York, the guest of General Thynne, with whom he reviewed the local battalions of militia. His Royal Highness has also been with the Queen at Aldershot.

While staying at Taplow Court with Mr. W. H. Grenfell on Sunday, the Prince of Wales, with a party of other guests, in an electric-motor launch steered by their host, went on the Thames, through Boulter's Lock, and as far as Windsor, where his Royal Highness took afternoon tea with the Countess of Wilton at The Hatch.

The Marquis of Salisbury on June 29 took the chair at the annual dinner of the United Club, at St. James's Hall, and made a speech on the position of Ministers and political prospects, but dwelt more fully upon foreign affairs. The election for the city of Durham resulted in favour of the Conservative candidate, the Hon. Arthur Elliot, who obtained 65 votes more than Mr. Hugh Fenwick Boyd, his Liberal opponent, whose death we regret to record. For Gravesend the Hon. Dudley Ryder, Conservative, is opposed by Mr. Runciman. Lord James of Hereford spoke on Monday at a dinner of the City of London Unionist Association.

The Lords of the Admiralty and many distinguished officers of the Navy were entertained at the Mansion House on June 29 by the Lord Mayor of London. The First Lord, Mr. Goschen, made the principal speech after dinner.

At Lord's cricket-ground, on Thursday and Friday, the annual match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was played, with many thousands of spectators; it was continued on Saturday, and was won by Oxford by nine wickets.

On Saturday, in Victoria Park, East London, the Metropolitan Fire Brigade was reviewed by Lord Rosebery, formerly Chairman of the London County Council, who was accompanied by his two daughters, and the younger of these, Lady Margaret Primrose, distributed the prizes to some of the men for specially meritorious acts of service.

Arrangements are made for the conference at Quebec between official delegates of the United States Government and of the Dominion of Canada, including Lord Herschell, with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other Canadian Ministers, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Louis Davies, and Mr. Charlton, as the Queen's Commissioners, to adjust all questions concerning them. The Prime Minister of Newfoundland, Sir James Winter, has come to London for matters affecting the interests of that colony.

The new French Ministry of M. Brisson, having taken office and addressed the Chamber of Deputies, last week obtained a vote of confidence by a majority of 315 against 230, and President Faure has gone for a short holiday. The new legislative regulations for the Paris Bourse or Stock Exchange have been officially published. Corsican brigands long infesting the mountain districts of that island have been pursued and killed by the gendarmes. There is a great importation of wheat at Marseilles, from Russia and India, since the temporary suspension of import dues.

Russia is sending many additional vessels of war to the Chinese seas, with military reinforcements of her garrisons, engineers for the fortification of Port Arthur and for the construction of the Eastern Siberian railways.

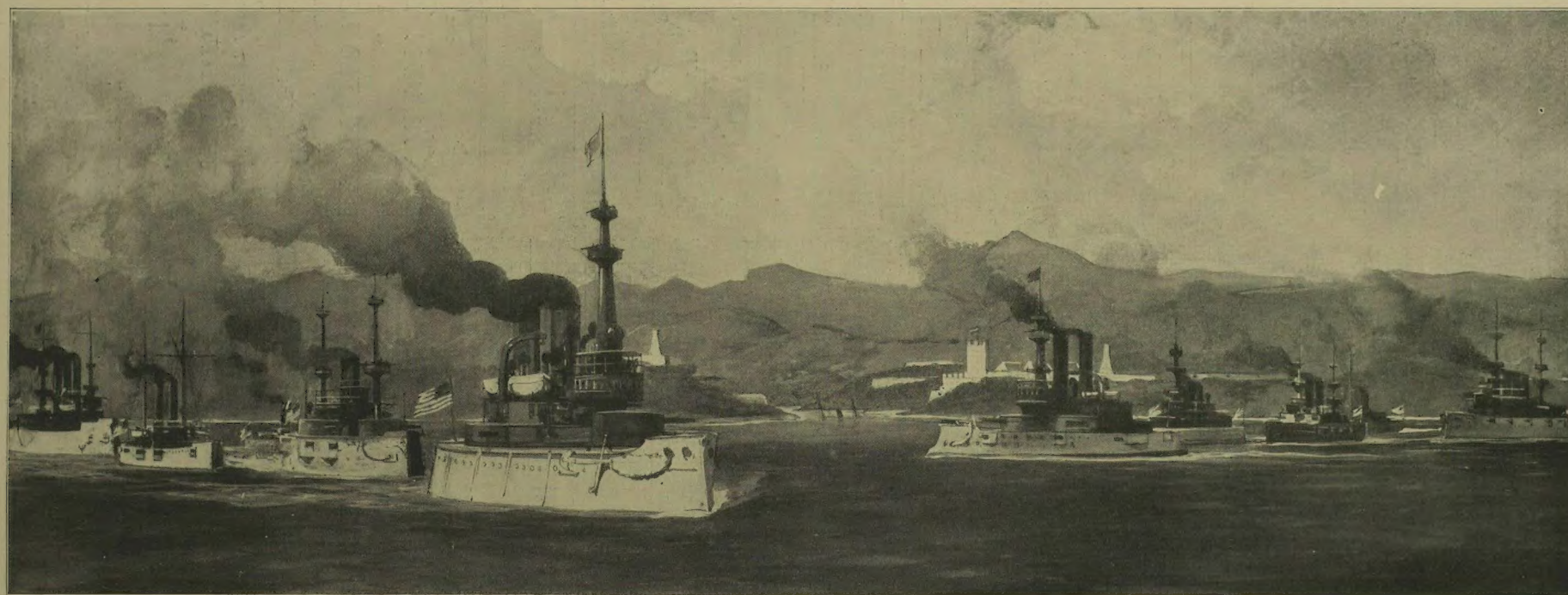
Spain is fortifying the positions of Cabrita Point and Algeiras, in the Bay of Gibraltar, which are to be garrisoned by 25,000 troops.



Isla de Panay. Pelayo. Patriota. Buenos Aires. Covadonga. Rapido. Carlos V.
 ADMIRAL CAMARA'S FLEET AT PORT SAID.
From a Photograph by G. Hudson, Port Said.



ADMIRAL CERVERA,
 WHO LED THE GALLANT BUT UNSUCCESSFUL DASH
 FROM SANTIAGO HARBOUR.



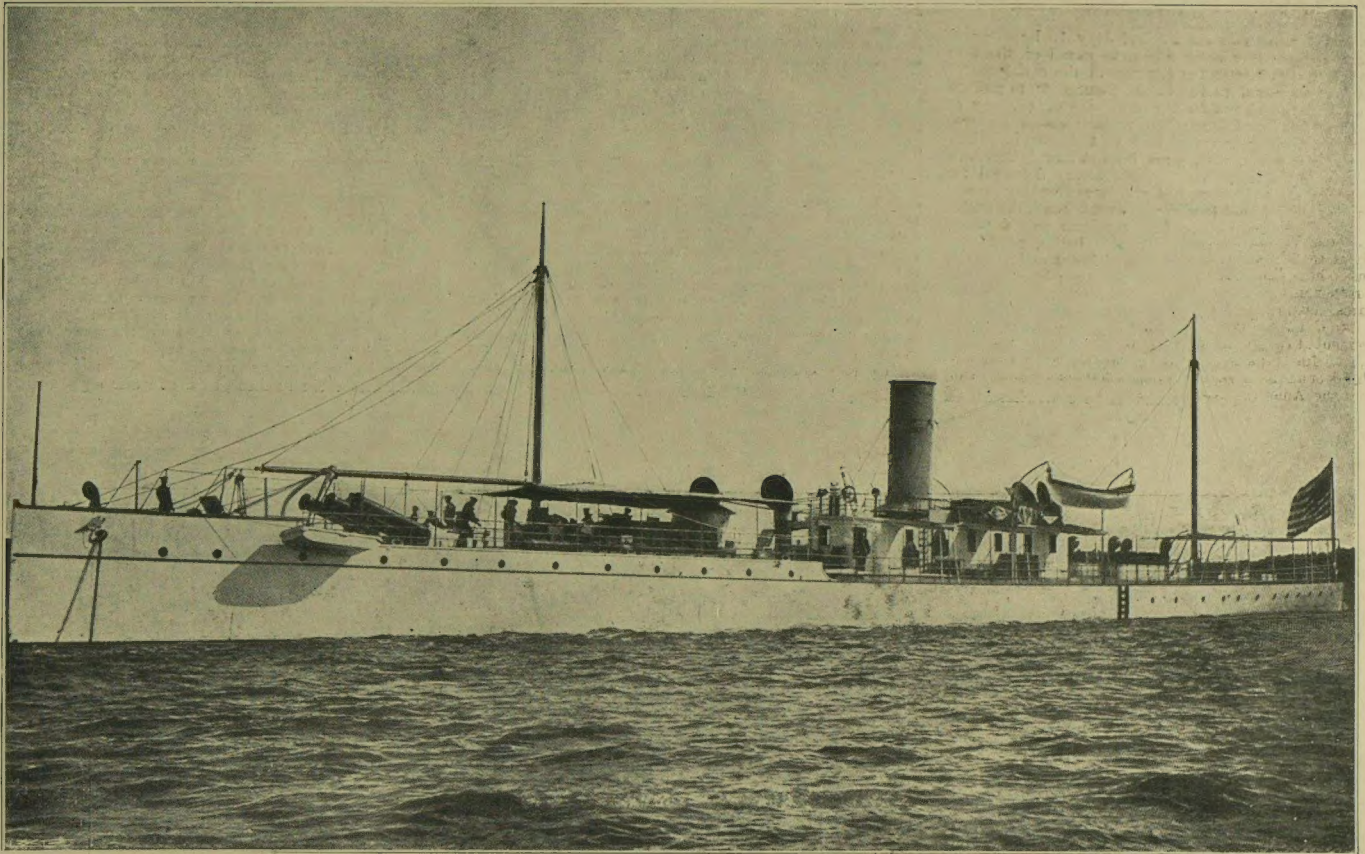
Brooklyn. Marblehead. Suwanee. Texas. Massachusetts. Iowa. Oregon. New Orleans. Yankee. New York.

THE HARBOUR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, SHOWING ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

From a Sketch by a Correspondent.

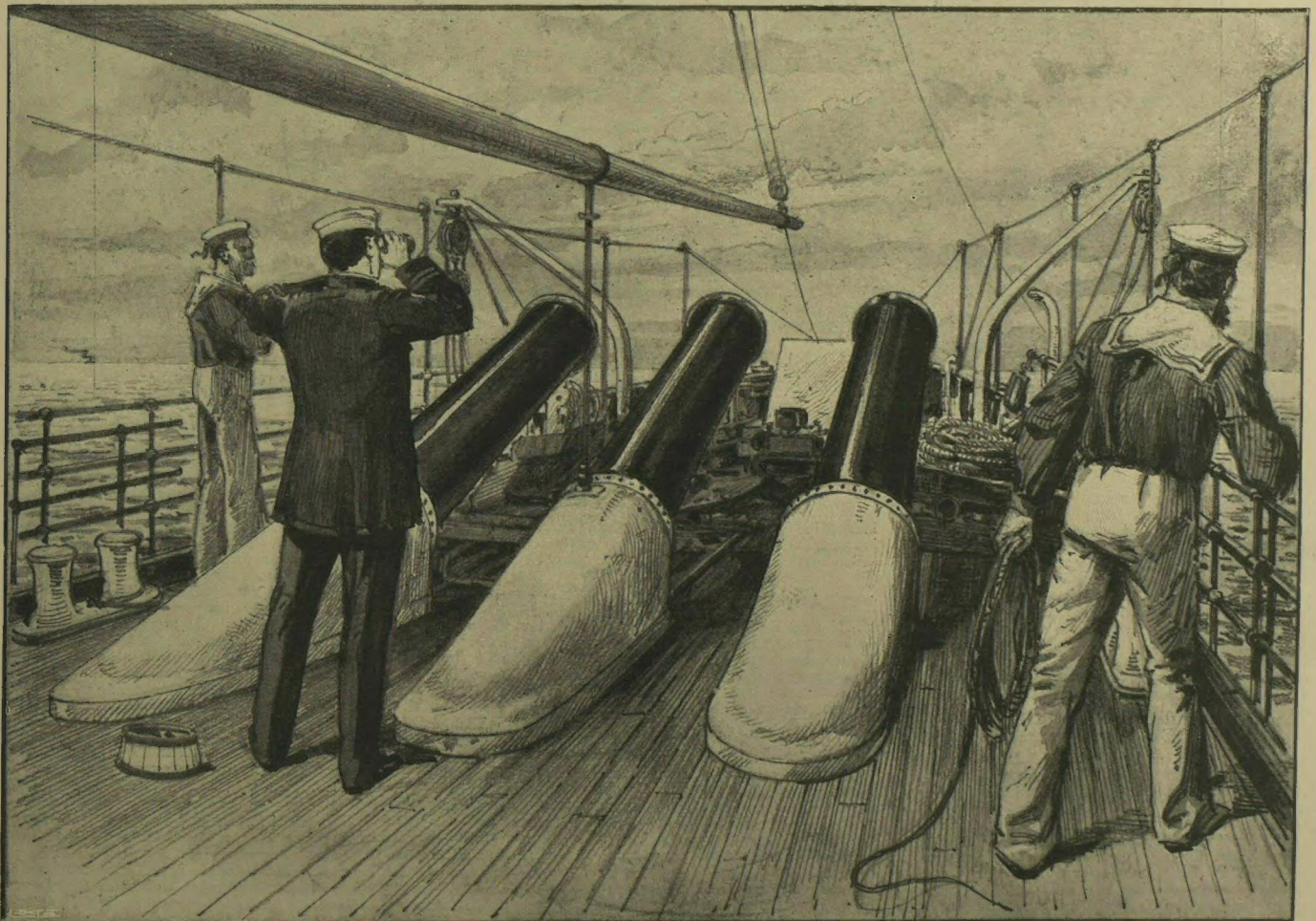
THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR.



THE UNITED STATES DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

This vessel has no parallel in the navies of the world. She has been in hand since 1887, and repeated experiments and improvements have rendered her terribly effective, as is proved by her recent performances at Santiago.
REPRODUCED FROM "UNCLE SAM'S NAVY," BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. SIMPSON, MARSHALL, AND CO.



THE PNEUMATIC GUNS OF THE "VESUVIUS."

These 16-in. guns throw a 20 lb. dynamite shell a distance of two miles. As the guns are practically noiseless, the first intimation the enemy has of their coming into action is the bursting of the shell in their midst.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

An attempt was made on Friday, July 1, by General Shafter, commanding some fifteen thousand of the best troops of the United States army, with the assistance of about four thousand native Cuban insurgents, to capture the outer fortifications on the east side of the city of Santiago. The Spanish garrison, under General Linares, though numbering scarcely half that force, including sailors and marines, with guns from Admiral Cervera's squadron in the inner harbour, stubbornly defended for three hours a line of entrenched positions extending several miles, and when forced to give way at San Juan, the centre of their outer line, still held its southern part down to Aguadores, on the seacoast. In this battle, as it may fairly be called, the American loss of killed and wounded seems to have been nearly twelve hundred; the Spaniards lost rather more, besides as many taken prisoners. General Linares, severely wounded in the left arm, gave up his command to General Toral. The repulse of General Duffield's movement at Aguadores, on the extreme left of the American line, was due to the enemy having broken down a railway bridge over a river, so that his troops could not advance. This caused the American army centre to be somewhat cut off

overtaken last, after a desperate chase of sixty miles), the *Viscaya*, the *Oquendo*, the *Maria Teresa*, and the *Furor* and *Pluton*. On board the American ships—the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *Texas*, *Massachusetts*, *Brooklyn*, *New York*, *Oregon*, and others, with the *Gloucester*, formerly Mr. J. P. Morgan's yacht *Corsair*—one man was killed and two wounded. In the meantime, on the land side of Santiago, General Shafter had drawn his lines closer round the city, from the north and east, and summoned General Toral to surrender. At the request of the British and foreign Consuls, the threatened bombardment was deferred.

The first portion of the American military expedition to the Philippines from San Francisco arrived at Manila on July 1. On its way across the Pacific it visited the Ladrone Islands, and took possession of them without resistance. General Merritt, with eleven thousand troops for the Philippines, has also sailed from San Francisco. Spanish reinforcements for the garrison recently left Cadiz with Admiral Camara's squadron to pass through the Suez Canal; but half those troops, with the vessels transporting them, and the torpedo-boat destroyers, have been suddenly ordered to return to Spain. The war-ships have entered the Canal.

Admiral Don Pascual Cervera y Topete, whose gallantry in attempting to clear the harbour of Santiago was as great

AMERICAN CYCLISTS IN ENGLAND.

Each year is adding its quota to the number of Americans who tour England on the bicycle. This means of going about affords a certain freedom from customs and regulations in a country foreign to the traveller, and appeals to the tourist, especially in England, where good inns and good roads are proverbial. The war has seriously interfered with American travel this year, but notwithstanding this fact England is now pretty well covered with American cyclists, some recreating in favoured districts for the summer, and others passing through on their way to the Continent. As early as the day of Mr. Gladstone's funeral, a party stopping at Hawarden were mentioned in the Liverpool papers as "American visitors mounted on magnificently equipped bicycles." The lightness and finish of the American cycle attracts much attention. In many places boys and even men follow the cycles for considerable distances, commenting on and admiring them. In London a crowd gathered which the police failed to disperse, and were compelled to order the cyclists to move on. A jolly party, known among themselves as the Satisfied Seven, enjoyed a capital spin from Liverpool to London. One of the lady members of the party sustained a serious accident to her bicycle, and pluckily rode more than thirty miles with only one pedal, eliciting many amusing remarks from the roadside, such as "She's got a wooden



THE VICTORIAN RIFLE TEAM FOR BISLEY.

The team is under the command of Captain T. J. Marshall. The members are staying at Ballhouse Park, about a mile from Bisley Camp.

from Admiral Sampson's naval squadron near the entrance to the harbour of Santiago. Any plan of a combined movement of the ships and the army being thus prevented, General Shafter on Saturday, while maintaining his half-circle line of investment about four miles round the eastern side of Santiago, with the ground which he had won the day before at San Juan and Lomas, nearer to the city, in front of his centre, directed the troops of his right wing—General Lawton's brigade—to seize the position of El Caney, on the hills five miles north-east of Santiago. This was readily accomplished, and here, it is said, two thousand prisoners were taken; but the position is still more important as closing the road from Holguin, on the north side of the island, whence Spanish reinforcements under General Pando were expected.

So far, until Monday afternoon brought more exciting news, the American land force in the attack on Santiago was supposed to have met with a temporary check. But while General Shafter's army stopped outside at the back door, finding it hard to break in at the first push, Admiral Cervera's squadron, desperately rushing out of the harbour, which is the front door of that strong place, on Sunday forenoon, attempting to escape to the westward, was rapidly and totally destroyed by the superior power of Admiral Sampson, leaving the harbour, the forts, and the city quite at the mercy of a naval attack. The fall of Santiago is now certain. The ships which were sunk, blown up, driven ashore, burnt, or captured, in a running fight of four or five hours along the coast for sixty miles, were the *Cristobal Colon* (the flag battle-ship,

as it was unfortunate, is fifty-nine years of age. He has forty-five years' service behind him. He distinguished himself in Cuba, in Africa, and in the Carlist War, and his breast is covered with decorations.

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" AT THE LYCEUM.

M. Edmond Rostand is only thirty yet, but in "Cyrano de Bergerac" he has written the greatest play M. Sarcey has seen in thirty years: a play that is treated in no fewer than four of the current English monthlies; that is issued in translation by Mr. Heinemann, has been accepted by Sir Henry Irving, and which was produced by M. Coquelin at the Lyceum on Monday evening before a very brilliant audience, which included Mr. George Meredith. The real Cyrano, duellist-cavalier, has been transmuted into a poetic ideal of self-abnegation. He loves his cousin Roxane, a beautiful prig, but fancying that his enormous nose disgusts her, he takes refuge behind the shadow of Roxane's choice, the vacuous, foppish Christian, writing the youth's love-letters and making him appear the realisation of Roxane's dreams. Cyrano, in short, finds a sort of parallel in Dobbin; but his reward never comes. As literature, the play is breathlessly picturesque and pitched in an inspiring key. As an acted comedy, it seems to become a trifle flippant, and the spoken word is inadequate. M. Coquelin's is a vivid performance, however, and his colleagues support him at every point with a rare sense of proportion.

laig!" Despite accidents, obstacles in the way of the cyclist are small. The rain is at first a problem in a country like England, but after a few days the oblivious cyclist will be seen leaving his hotel in the face of a tempest snugly housed in his rain-cape. He is magnificently repaid for his sacrifices. The country has its perennial reward, and the running of the gauntlet of 'bus and hack drivers in a London street is ever his fond delight. A hundred pleasures are afforded by this recreation uncommon to other modes of travel, not the least of which is the possibility of some time, somewhere at a rare old inn, finding a genuine old-fashioned landlord left out of the last century who will entertain the tourist in a way that does the heart good—a way that is the realisation of all the English novels and English melodramas he has ever read or seen—a way that makes a happy American.

GARDEN-PARTY AT LAMBETH PALACE.

On the afternoon of Saturday, July 2, favoured with finer weather than we have enjoyed for some time during this peculiarly treacherous summer, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple gave their second garden-party of the season in the grounds of Lambeth Palace. A large and distinguished company assembled. The pleasure of the reception was greatly augmented by some excellent music, discoursed by the band of the L. Division of the Metropolitan Police. Refreshments were served *à fresco* at a long buffet erected close to the lawn.

PERSONAL.

The Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry, who has been appointed by the Board of Trade to act as Conciliator in the South Wales coal trade dispute, is a retired Judge, and has the reputation of being able to keep a stiff upper lip. His appointment has given considerable satisfaction, though it has not aroused enthusiasm. Sir Edward, who is seventy-one years of age, is a native of Bristol, and the second son of Joseph Fry. He was educated at University College, London, and is an Honorary Fellow of Balliol College. He was called to the Bar in 1854, and took silk in 1869. In 1877 Gladstone made him a Judge of Appeal, an office he held until 1893. In 1892 he was appointed Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, and is President of the Royal Commission on the Irish Land Acts. He is a Privy Councillor, a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and a D.C.L. Sir Edward is a writer on such diverse subjects as law, British mosses, and theology.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
SIR EDWARD FRY.

Mr. Lang has had issued a Parliamentary return of the pensions paid to ex-Ministers of the Crown since 1869. Mr. C. P. Villiers, up to the time of his recent death, had drawn a sum of over £30,000, a surprising sum when taken in conjunction with the great fortune he left behind him. Next to him in the amount of his drawings came Mr. Childers, with over £11,000; and close upon his heels follows Lord Cross, who has received over £10,000. The first Lord Emly, who was not much of a Postmaster-General, did very well with over £9000 as a pension, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is drawing £1200 a year, as also was Mr. Mundella at the time of his lamented death. These sums go to make up the greater portion of the total of £89,000 of public money so expended during the past thirty years.

Mr. George Meredith, who has been in town for a few days this week, visited, in the company of Admiral Maxse, the gallery in Bond Street where Mr. Mortimer Menpes's coloured etchings are on view, and made a purchase of two of their number.

The Prince of Wales's visit to Deptford on Saturday was all of a piece with his other acts of kindness in giving support to deserving charity, but it was also intended to mark his admiration for the work done by the Duchess of Albany for the sort of comprehensive club-house established there, principally in the interest of the women employed in the cattle-market. For the Duchess's part has been no formal one. She has given her time and her sympathy to the organisation of the institution, with its baths and recreation-rooms, the need of which can be realised by those only who know (as happily few do know) the nature of the work on which these women are engaged. It would take the pen of Mr. Thomas Hardy in his most grim moments to tell it; and it requires the courage and goodwill shown by the Duchess of Albany to come to its relief.

Sir Chaloner Alabaster, formerly British Consul-General at Canton, who died on June 28 at Boscombe, was born in 1838, and was the son of Mr. J. C. Alabaster. He was educated at King's College, London, and matriculated at London University in 1852. His first public appointment was a student interpreter-ship in China, whither he proceeded, and was employed at Hong-Kong in superintending the trade of that port. He saw the first bombardment of Canton, and was with Admiral Seymour till Canton fell. He accompanied the captive Commissioner Yeh to Calcutta, and on returning to China became interpreter at Foo-chow, being subsequently attached as interpreter to the Canton, Amoy, and Swatow Consulates. At Swatow he saw a good deal of service against pirates, and was afterwards interpreter at Shanghai, of which city in 1864 he became Acting Vice-Consul. In 1875 he married Laura, daughter of Dr. D. J. Macgowan, of New York. Among other important services he went on a mission to Nanking, to congratulate the Viceroy on the capture of the city, and investigated the murder of Europeans at Su-chow. Since 1892, the year that saw him created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, Sir Chaloner had been retired from the service on a pension.

The Liberal candidate for Durham was supported by Dean Kitchin, Canon A. S. Farrar, and Canon Greenwell.

Canon Farrar is an eminent theologian, and Canon Greenwell is equally eminent as an archaeologist. It was also supposed that Canon Body and Archdeacon Watkins would vote for Mr. Boyd. On the other hand, the Rev. H. E. Fox, of the Church Missionary Society, formerly Vicar of St. Nicholas, Durham, wrote a strongly worded letter in favour of the successful Unionist candidate.

The fatal effects of the excitement engendered by contested elections are becoming far too frequently apparent. The death of Mr. Hugh Fenwick Boyd comes as an unwelcome reminder of the pressure under which Sir Joseph Terry died at York when supporting Lord Charles Beresford's candidature, and to which Mr. Henry George fell a victim in the fight for the Mayoralty of New York. Mr. Boyd was a beaten candidate after a brave fight, and the pathos of his death would have been greater rather than less had he been a victor, as was the case, for instance, with Mr. Ernest Jones, who died on the day of his return for Manchester.

The vicar of a church in Newport was among the celebrants of Holy Communion in the Calvinistic Methodist General Assembly at Wesley Chapel in that town. The same gentleman offered the use of his church to the Assembly, who could not find a place large enough for their meeting.

Cordial testimony to the Bishop of Hereford is borne by Mr. R. Jasper More. Mr. Jasper More says that in spite of the Bishop's support of Welsh Disestablishment he commands the confidence and the affection of all classes. Politics are never mentioned to his prejudice, although the diocese is generally opposed to Disestablishment.

A contemporary of Mr. Gladstone at Christ Church, Oxford, the Rev. H. A. Jeffreys, M.A., of Hawkhurst, has just died at a very advanced age. Mr. Jeffreys showed brilliant promise at first, surpassing even Mr. Gladstone. He was possessed of large private means, and spent them in restoring his grand old parish church and in rebuilding and enlarging the parish schools, and in other good works.

The Dean of Manchester has presented his son, the Rev. Kenneth Maclure, to St. Alban's, Chetwood, Manchester. The Dean said that he had discharged his duty to the people of St. Alban's to the best of his judgment and according to the dictates of his conscience. The appointment had the approval of the Bishop of the diocese and two other Bishops, including the Bishop of Newcastle, under whom his son served at Portsea. Some feeling was aroused among those attending the service by the distribution of handbills published by the National Protestant League, in which reference was made to certain acts of Mr. Maclure while officiating in the church at Morning Prayer and Holy Communion. There was a hot argument at the church door, ending in a free fight, in which both men and women took part, the latter striking out freely with their umbrellas. However, beyond the smashing of hats and umbrellas, not much harm was done.

The religious papers ridicule the proposal of providing national assistance toward the upkeep of the opera in England. One of them says that to those who recall the line of carriages waiting for access to Covent Garden Theatre on an opera night, there is something supremely ludicrous in the demand for State aid in this matter. If Belgravia cannot pay for its own pleasures, why are poorer folk to be taxed or rated to supply the deficiency?

There is great sympathy with Dr. Robertson, Vicar of Bradford, in the death of Mrs. Robertson, who was the daughter of Mr. P. C. Ralli, of Sussex Square, London, and was married at Paddington parish church in 1879.

The Rev. H. B. Otley, Vicar of Eastbourne, although a High Churchman, has appointed an Evangelical to succeed the Rev. W. H. Hewett at Christ Church, Eastbourne.

Devonshire House, in Piccadilly looks large enough for all purposes of entertaining on even a large scale, but an immense marquee had to be erected in the background on Tuesday night to make an extra supper-room for the Duchess's guests. Over the front of the house an immense V.R., displayed in lights, flared out into the blue-blackness of the London night. The fact is that when Devonshire House was built, nobody dreamed of "society" on its present immense scale. Even from a ball-club like Almack's the exclusions of new men were rigorously made. Yet even in those days the beautiful Duchess Georgiana kissed the butcher for his vote. Now manners have changed, and the man who serves a political purpose is invited to a dance or a dinner.

The case of the match-makers and poisonous phosphorus is not going to be forgotten. On Monday Canon Wilberforce will take the chair in his wife's drawing-room in Dean's Yard, Westminster, when a large meeting, summoned by invitation, will be addressed by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Portsmouth, and Lady Burdett-Coutts. Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., will also speak, and so will Sir Walter Foster, who, one may appropriately remember, is not only an M.P., but an M.D. as well.

The price of modern pictures seems to be taking a rather sudden descent, if the sale at Christie's on Saturday may be taken as a test. Millais may not go the rapid way of Landseer in the markets, but the prophets of his decline in value will point to the prices last realised as a proof of their prescience. "The Ruling Passion," otherwise called "The Ornithologist" (for which the painter's old friend Mr. T. O. Barlow, R.A., sat), was bought in at the Millais sale last year in 1700 guineas; but on Saturday the highest offer reached only half that figure. Similarly, the little picture of "Time," painted in 1895, and bought in last year at 420 guineas, realised on Saturday only 260 guineas.

The scheme to erect a monument in Vienna to Johannes Brahms is finding cordial support in Great Britain, where the composer's works found ready acknowledgment. A branch committee, on which many distinguished persons will serve, has been formed in this country.

Mr. George Russell has lately revived the story of a supposed smart reply of Disraeli on the hustings. When an elector at Wycombe told the young candidate for Parliament that people knew on what interest his opponent,

Colonel Grey, stood, and asked him on what he stood, "On my head" was the apt reply. As a matter of fact, the wit, such as it is, had its birth in Fleet Street; and Disraeli, in one of his home letters at the time, quotes it from the *Town* as having been put into his mouth in Marylebone, when he once had it half in mind to woo that constituency—then reputed to be the rowdiest in all the London area.

The Fourth of July brought a great company together at the American Embassy in Carlton House Terrace, all in honour of Independence Day. There was a profusion of American bunting in the pleasant garden at the back, and the visitors wished that some of the ices could be suddenly transported to the lines of their countrymen outside Santiago, where the heat has been registered at 107 in the shade. One of the earliest to arrive was Lady Harcourt, with whom came Sir William Harcourt. Other American ladies with English husbands were mostly alone. The drama of America was largely represented by members of "The Belle of New York" company, by Mrs. Brown-Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Drew, Miss Ethel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly, and others.

The Canadian "Dominion Day," the thirty-first anniversary of the federal union of the British North American provinces, was celebrated on July 1 with a dinner at the Imperial Institute; Lord Strathcona was in the chair. The Marquis of Lorne, formerly Governor-General, and Messrs. A. G. Blair and W. Mulock, Ministers of Railways and Canals and Post Office in Canada, were present.

A meeting to promote the establishment of a Birmingham University, of which Sir Josiah Mason's College might be the nucleus, somewhat as Owens College at Manchester became the first teaching body of what is now the Victoria University, was held there on Friday. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham presided; Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was the chief speaker. The amount of subscriptions and donations promised was over £95,000.

The latest election to the Royal Academy comes opportunely at a time when an Anglo-American alliance is in the air. But, apart from this, Mr. Edwin Abbey's popularity on this side of the Atlantic would have universally commended the choice of the Academicians.

Mr. Abbey, like his distinguished American colleague Mr. Sargent, has made England his home, and lives and works at his beautiful Gloucestershire retreat, Morgan Hall. Mr. Abbey was born at Philadelphia in 1852, and was educated at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He exhibited his first Academy picture, "A May Day Morning," in 1880. His black-and-white work is as remarkable as his painting, and he has illustrated many noteworthy editions. Mr. Abbey also exhibited at the Academy exhibitions of 1894, 1896, and 1897; and this year his "King Lear" is one of the attractions of Burlington House. Mr. Abbey fills the seat of the late Mr. P. H. Calderon.

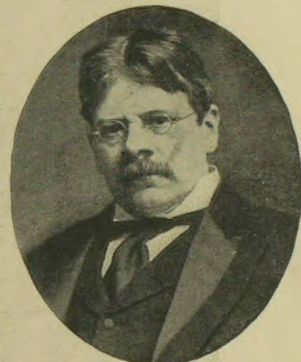


Photo Elliott and Fry.
EDWIN ABBEY, R.A.

At the seventh annual picnic of the Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union, given to crippled children in Battersea on the afternoon of July 5 in Battersea Park, Mrs. H. M. Stanley, whose interest in ragged and suffering childhood is more than merely artistic, delighted the little guests at tea-time by telling them stories of her husband's adventures in Africa.

On Tuesday of the present week the Manx Tynwald held its annual open-air sitting, presided over by Lord Henniker, Governor of the island. After divine service the members of the Legislature ascended Tynwald Hill and formal business was gone through. The curious and interesting survival of other days attracted a crowd of sightseers.

Archdeacon Sinclair has been elected an Oddfellow. The ceremony of initiation took place on July 5, when Dr. Sinclair was admitted to the Pioneer Lodge of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows. The Archdeacon subsequently spoke in favour of the society as an admirable promoter of thrift and good fellowship.

Baron Rothschild was on Tuesday presented with a cheque for £19,298 9s. 5d. by the Jewish community of London as a memorial of his work in the Jews' Free School, and in recognition of his long services to the cause of educational and moral advancement. It was requested that his Lordship would apply the gift to defraying the cost of the wing recently added to the school buildings. The buildings contain a laboratory, a room for technical instruction, and various class-rooms.

A New Zealand society of colonists and others interested in New Zealand, who are residents or visitors in London, had its first annual dinner at the Hotel Cecil on Monday, the Earl of Onslow, formerly Governor, in the chair. There is no more inviting or promising British colony on earth for English families seeking a permanent home so far away from England. It will never, probably, join an Australian Federation, but is naturally destined to be the British Islands of the South. Auckland is now to be made the second naval station for the Pacific Ocean Squadron; the Admiralty have decided on constructing a dry dock, named the Calliope, at that port, which has one of the finest harbours in the world.

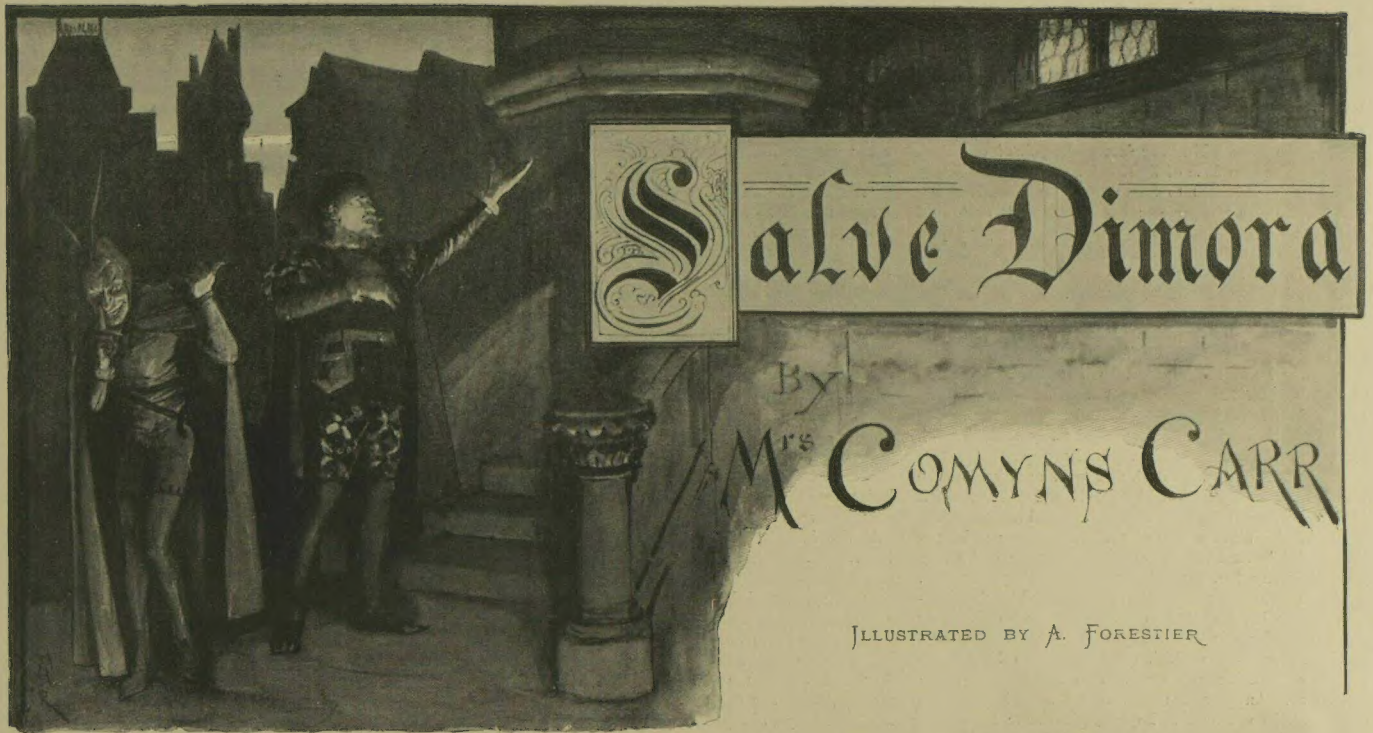


Photo Barnard.
THE LATE SIR CHALONER ALABASTER.



THE INVASION OF ENGLAND BY AMERICAN CYCLISTS.

Drawn by One of the Invaders.



VENICE was gay with the springtime and warm with the first of the May.

Upon the terrace belonging to the fourth storey of the house opposite to that one in which Guy Fortescue had a modest bachelor apartment, two orange-trees in tubs were in full flower, and a magnolia against the house had three big blooms and a quantity of buds on it, while a profuse Banksia rose sent trails of yellow blossoms across the windows that opened on to the terrace, and hung far down over the rusty iron railing towards the canal.

Fortescue regarded the terrace very much as his own, for the canal was so narrow that he could almost have put out a hand and plucked the Banksia roses or the purple pansies and climbing heliotrope with which it got entangled as it reached the boxes along the rough marble slabs. In February he had watched the camellias open waxen blossoms against dark, varnished leaves, and myrtles struggle against the treachery of the first hot suns, but now the summer flowers grew so luxuriantly that they actually wanted picking—aye, and tending too, but that their very wildness was a sort of charm. A girl would come out of an evening and dash a little water over them out of a copper pot, but she never did anything else for them, excepting pluck them, and not that very often. She was a pretty girl, of a fresher pallor than most, smooth of skin and dimpled, with wavy black hair and saucy dark eyes; and she would stand for half an hour hanging over the railing, in the loosest of *deshabilles*, sending a longing gaze down the canal, frankly on the look-out for adventure that never came, and for gondolas that—oh, so rarely!—turned the corner. It amused the young man to watch her, and, truth to tell, he watched her a great deal. For, though the terrace lay empty from fresh morning till sultry eve, basking in its wealth of sunshine and sending languorous scents across the less pleasantly perfumed water into the bare, brick-paved apartment where Guy Fortescue plied his daily task, the room that opened on to it was just as close to his own as was the terrace, and there its young mistress was hourly to be seen following the very same vocation as the young Englishman himself. For, alas! Guy Fortescue should have had little leisure for idling over a bit of Venetian garden or watching the black eyes of a pretty Venetian girl.

He had come to Venice to study singing—professionally—and should have had every minute of his day occupied with trills and scales and exercises or the delicate execution of Gounod's "Faust," in which part he hoped some day to make his debut.

But he was young—not twenty-five—and good-looking in a clean, strong, well-groomed style; and the weather was hot and pleasant, and the master under whom he studied not too severe; and why should he not rejoice in the luscious Italian springtime and revel in the fairness of things in general?

And he set himself deliberately to attract the attention of his pretty neighbour.

It was done in a variety of ways: many a cigar was smoked at the open window during the long spring evenings, many a novel ostentatiously cast aside with a warily weary sigh that a pair of grey eyes might travel

in search of a pair of black ones across the narrow sunlit space. But really leisure moments were comparatively few in the fourth storey opposite, for the damsel was sternly kept to her work by a very ogre of a master who ran her up and down her scales at eight o'clock in the morning, and pinned her to trills and *solfeggi* till six o'clock in the evening, with scarce an interval for the frugal but savoury breakfast that was brought in from the *trattoria* round the corner at twelve o'clock in the day.

Even then it was not finished. An hour at most to "take the air," and then operatic practice—Donizetti, Verdi, Rossini—the same old things over and over again!

Of course the "*dolce-far-niente*" plan failed: Fortescue changed his tactics. He would catch her first through their common art: since his eyes had so far been of no service to him, he would try what his pretty, sympathetic tenor voice would do. He had always been told that it was a pretty, sympathetic voice, and the part of Faust suited him exactly. In a measure at least this second attempt succeeded.

Now that the hot weather was thoroughly established, even the inhabitants of the fourth storey opposite—"stuffy" Italians as they were—opened their windows, and there was a better chance of the tenor voice vying with the soprano one across the canal.

Alas, it was only on the elderly man that he made an impression! Once or twice the master distinctly stopped and listened, and once Fortescue caught an echo of words at the window, mumbled with a grin into the snuffy grey imperial, that sounded very much like "A pretty voice, by Bacchus, but—Dio mio—what a school!" But the divinity had not even glanced his way and had only murmured, "Non c'è male!" with which faint and careless praise he was forced to be content.

He did not know at that time what he learnt afterwards, that there were two—and only two—"schools" of singing in Venice, which, being interpreted, meant teachers who trained singers for the opera: that one of them was the gentleman of the snuffy grey imperial opposite, and the other he of whom the young Englishman had elected to learn.

When once he began to understand the fiery and jealous temper of the former, he was not surprised that the girl dared give but the meagrest praise to a pupil of the latter!

And he did begin to understand it very soon. There were scenes—scenes that made him swear under his breath—in the little room opposite.

The master would yell and rail and lay his tongue to every scornful word that came into his head one minute; and the next he would be sugar and butter together, pouring the most exaggerated epithets of praise upon his pupil and loading her with fulsome caresses.

It was master and pupil and father and daughter in one—so Fortescue had decided for himself—but a curious example of both.

The girl, however, took it all lightly enough. When the professor thumped on the piano and called on every saint in the calendar to bear him witness that this daughter of Eve would break his heart, she stood with her pretty head thrown back and her eyes, roving round the room

till he should have finished; when he plied her with cajolery a little smile of triumph would flit about her ripe red mouth, but in neither case did she ever lose her self-control or seem to fear that her empire was in danger.

Then the young man would chuckle with delight; neither in the character of professor nor in the character of father did the old man seem to have any terrors for her; so might the end that he had set himself to be the more easily attained.

And with the greater courage and persistency he set himself to attain it.

For at last he had begun to make a little way.

When the scoldings were at their height he would stop his own practice and send respectfully commiserating glances over the water, which were at first only noticed with a little stare of surprise from the bright black eyes; afterwards by a shy, furtive smile and something of a blush; and later, again, by a frank shrug of the shoulders and lifting of the eyes to the ceiling which definitely admitted the stranger into confidence.

Then Fortescue waxed bold indeed!

His "Salve Dimora, casta e pura" grew in liquid tenderness and passionate intensity till the professor over the way would actually stop his lessons to listen and frown with annoyance at such promising attempts on the part of a rival's pupil.

"Non c'è male," the Diva would murmur again, but the smile was a trifle broader on her full lips and the blush brighter on her clear, dark cheek; and in the evening when the professor had gone to the café, and she came out on to the terrace to take the air, she no longer listened dreamily to the distant band on the Piazza San Marco or for the welcome "Stali" or "Primieù"—the gondolier's cry at the corner—but was content to pour the contents of her copper pot over her myrtle and heliotrope as though they were her chief care, stealing conscious glances the while into the bare room opposite, where bits of bachelor luxury mingled so oddly with the musical litter of a singer's life.

Fortune favours the brave—and the alert! That very night Fortescue, returning from the *trattoria* after his usual supper, saw the damsel of the terrace approach in a gondola from the opposite end of the canal with her elderly professor. She was gay—resplendent in a Venetian reproduction of the latest Paris fashion. She had been for a treat.

She smiled as she saw the Englishman, and the two gondolas drew up side by side at their opposite gateways. The professor got out, and, giving a perfunctory assistance to his companion, disappeared within the gloomy portal of the house. But the girl, as she was about to follow him, put her hand to her throat, and, with a little exclamation of dismay, attempted to enter her gondola once more, apparently to search for some missing object.

In a flash, Fortescue had climbed from his own gondola into hers, and was on his knees searching the carpeted boards.

"Ah, thank you—but thank you," murmured the girl upon the steps, in a bewitchingly broken attempt at English. "You give yourself too much—too much pain."

Fortescue did not think so, but the trinket was not to be found.

The shabby carpet was shaken, the seats were even taken out, but there was no "spillo" there, though the pretty creature tried hard to explain that a spillo was a brooch, and seemed apparently to think that his silence was due to his want of comprehension of her speech.

"Dio mio, what pity!" faltered she, half crying. "But I thank—of heart, I thank; only I know not to speak."

And she lifted a blushing face and a pair of coy black eyes like a sudden flash of light to his face.

Fortescue hastened to lie to her, glibly assuring her that her English was perfect; but he did so in such good Italian that she was able to say with a charmingly deprecatory little shrug of the shoulders that anyhow there was no need for her to practise it.

A petulant cry of "Gilda, ma vieni!" from up the dark staircase, recalled her to herself.

"He calls me!" she cried. "If you should by chance find my brooch—Number Six, Quarto Piano—"

"Oh, I know the address!" whispered Fortescue in reply. "But if the lady would tell me at what trattoria she dined—I could inquire—"

And he lifted his hat. "Trattoria degli Amici," she called softly down through the dim light, for she was already halfway up the staircase.

"I will not fail," he said, and with another bow he watched her flit upwards, and then turned and went back to the lonely room opposite with a contented heart.

"Gilda! What a heavenly name—flowers and sunshine in it!" And he had made a beginning, and a very good beginning, too. He had never dared to hope so much.

Again fortune favoured him, for he found the brooch—a trumpery little trinket in itself, but, as he shrewdly guessed, a safer way to her kindness than the offer of a handsomer substitute which she might have been quite capable of refusing with scorn. One never can tell with foreigners! Anyway, the seed of an acquaintance was sown, and, he ventured to hope, in good soil; the sequel rested on his own daring, and he knew that he had enough.

He had left the recovered trinket openly at the door with his card, but he had done so warily: he had chosen a moment when he had seen the professor sally forth, and when, even should she refuse to see him, the parcel would be put into her hand safely and secretly by a servant-girl whom he already knew to be fully equal to the occasion.

She did refuse to receive him—as he had, indeed, feared—but he got his thanks from the terrace that same evening; no longer in sly glances and self-conscious blushes, but in words—words spoken with all the frank grace of a child, yet with all the finished manner of a marquise of the last century.

And from the first expression of exaggerated gratitude for the service rendered she passed to more casual conversation.

"You also, you study the singing, Signore," she said. "You have a charming talent, but charming! Who is the professor with whom you study?"

She asked it with the most perfect air of innocence, and yet he knew that she must be entirely aware who was the professor, since there was but the rival one to him whom he supposed to be her father.

But he kept up the game and said simply, "I study with the Signor Marini, Signorina. And you? That is to say if it is permitted to confess that I have heard your beautiful voice through the window, and with the deepest delight."

She laughed a frankly self-conscious laugh, and shrugged her plump shoulders.

She looked at him several times, still laughing, and as though she were about to say something; but she only ended by shrugging the shoulders again, and stooped to pluck a flower here and there from the boxes at her feet, putting it precisely in its place in the tiny posy that she was making.

"Oh, I," she said carelessly, "I learn from the professor whom you see! It goes without saying! I have learnt from him since I have been so high"—and she held her hand down below the level of the terrace-railing. "It is a hard life, but now the worst—the school—it is soon finished. After come the triumphs—a few, I hope," and she smiled a would-be modest but quite self-confident smile. "Because I, you see—I have to go on the opera stage. It is for that that I was made—it is for that that I live. It is of the family—in the blood. What would you?"

And she shrugged her pretty shoulders again with the same frank, laughing glance.

"But I think that the operatic stage is a glorious profession," declared Fortescue emphatically, swinging both legs over the balcony of his window as he spoke, that he might be a little nearer the object of his devotion. "How could I think otherwise, since I intend to do the same myself?"

The lady gave vent to a little cry, and put both hands to the loops and bows of her wavy dark hair; but whether this was from surprise at the announcement or from dismay at the sight of the young man sitting on the window-ledge with his long legs dangling fifty feet above the water of the canal, she did not specify.

"Did you not guess it?" said Fortescue innocently, evidently choosing to take it that the surprise was at his news. "I supposed that you would have noticed, perhaps. Yes, I hope to make my debut some day in the part of Faust."

The girl smiled a broad, sudden smile. It was so broad and so sudden that it rather disconcerted Fortescue. It might almost have been intended to convey the impression that she doubted his chances of success in the part of Faust. But the dusk was falling on the little terrace; he could not see her face very clearly—he might have been mistaken.

Anyhow she ducked so quickly behind the railing and busied herself so intently among the heliotropes and the roses that he had no time for scrutiny.

The scent of it all floated intoxicatingly across to him in the hot, still air as he sat there wondering whether he had conveyed his meaning in the impassioned expression which he had tried to infuse into his apparently purely artistic practice.

The mocking strains of an air from the "Barbiere" came down the narrow canal as in answer: a band was playing on the distant lagoons somewhere. The girl began humming to it.

For once in his life, Fortescue wished canals further. If this were but a road! But—so near and yet so far!

She bobbed up again presently and flung him a quick look across the space.

"I have noticed that the Signore studies the Faust," said she innocently. "It is a fine part—the best for a tenor." Then, after a pause, she added: "The soprano is also a fine part."

"Ah, yes!" cried simple Guy enthusiastically. "What a Margherita you would make!"

He thought an amused smile curled her full, red lips, but again he could not see in the dusk.

"Ah, yes, I too—I would like something a little modern," said she demurely. "One wearsies of the old school—always, always! But what would you have? My master, he prefers our school! And I must obey him, since he is not only my professor, but also—"

She stopped short, listening.

Then added, as if on an afterthought: "But also of all masters the most understanding. Marini is one; but only Peruzzi makes the big artists."

She spoke the last words in an emphatic tone, and, as she spoke them, she fled into the room: the musical hearing is keen—the gentleman with the dusty grey imperial stood within it. A volley of reproaches, of excuses and tart retorts, flew back and forth, ending with the usual good-humoured laugh from one or the other side, according as the siren did or did not disarm her foe.

The swain retired puzzled, and sang "Salve Dimora" with some melancholy; for, indeed, it bode fair to be a mocking ditty, seeing that he was as far as ever from gaining admittance to the fourth storey opposite.

But lo! the very next morning he was awakened in what he fancied was the sweet freshness of daybreak—really about eight o'clock—by notes from over the water that sounded very like the opening bars of Margherita's "Jewel Song." His heart beat, but before he was wide enough awake to determine whether the strains were reality or only a dream, they stopped, and the usual endless scales and *solfeggi* began as usual.

They haunted him, nevertheless, all that and many other days, during which a sort of vigilance seemed to have grown up opposite which drove the professor to follow his pupil on to the sacred terrace of an evening, much to Fortescue's discomfiture.

The weather waxed hotter, and the magnolias opened wider, and the perfume of the orange-blossoms grew more luscious the fuller they bloomed, and poor Guy chafed because he had not yet forced an entrance into that Eden.

But at last the professor tired of domesticity, and went to his café for relaxation, as heretofore; and then, when the industrious little prima donna sauntered out on to her terrace in a pretty peignoir or a loose muslin jacket that was not at all what she wore in presence of the ogre, and watered her plants perfunctorily and sniffed the incoming air from the lagoons, he leapt up to the attack again, full of courage and vigour. For now there was no longer any coyness, any affectation, in the greeting between herself and the young Englishman, any surprise on her part at his presence upon the opposite window-sill. The ice—if anything emanating from her could justly be called ice—was well broken.

The talk was simple and friendly, and even confidences came gradually to be exchanged.

Not a week after their first conversation, she opened the interview with a sly little flicker of the eyelids and something that was only just not a wink, and then she said, "To-night I shall sing you the 'Jewel Song' of Margherita."

Fortescue was sitting in his favourite attitude with his legs swinging out of the window; he nearly leapt into the canal.

"Then it was true!" he cried. "You have persuaded him."

"No, but I shall persuade him," said she, with the little confident nod of her black head. "Listen, till I tell

you," and she leant over the railing towards the opposite house, whispering mysteriously, "Every morning when he has been out for his lessons, and you—you have been in dreams—every night when you have been out, and he—he has been at the café or the theatre—all those times when you two thought I was asleep—I—" and she smote her plump bosom dramatically—"I have studied! Oh, I have studied so hard, you do not imagine! So to-night when he hears me sing the 'Jewel Song' he will say"—and she struck another attitude—"Ma brava! Gioja, sei tu!" I know him! And he will cry with pleasure. You yourself have seen how he can do!"

"Yes, yes, I have seen," laughed the young man. "But I have seen the other side also. I have seen him behave so ill to you that—Body of Bacchus!" and Fortescue, proud of his vernacular Italian, smote his breast too—"Body of Bacchus! I have wanted to leap across the water to defend you!"

In a moment she had drawn herself up; the marquise was there, the soubrette had fled!

What had he done? Was the colloquialism, of which he had been so proud, perhaps one unsuitable for use to a lady?

"Oh, you need not to trouble yourself," she said stiffly. "The professor and I understand one another. I prefer a master who is discontented when I do ill, for else I should not know when I do well. I would not desire to have a professor who did not guess that I had spent my hours of study in looking from the window at the stars."

Fortescue blushed in the darkness; he understood what the thrust meant. But if he looked at the stars he looked at her too, and surely she need not be so severe. And he sulked.

But she went on, apparently unconscious, and once more affable and gay.

"Ah, but this time I have studied well and he will not rage! On the contrary he will be very content," she said. "You will see!"

And he did see.

She left the windows wide open and the curtains well drawn back, and he saw it all.

Only, just at the most interesting point—when the success was achieved and the "tears of joy" had been shed and dried, and the moment of grateful caresses had arrived—she shut the casement again and drew down the blinds, and Fortescue was left out in the dark.

However, he guessed well enough before the evening of the next day that she had won her wish, for the pretty reply of Margherita's first maiden modesty crept across the water to him, and he knew that she must have begun to study the part from the beginning.

At that he too began to study the stars a little less and the music a little more.

A fantastic notion took possession of him. How would it be if he were to sing the part of Faust to the charming Gilda's Margherita—even though it were but across the water!

He practised unceasingly, fired with a new energy, a new ambition; and at last, whenever Margherita began her duets, he replied to her with his Faust.

But he had reckoned without his host. It was a pretty fancy, but it was not the fancy of his neighbours—possibly because it was a fancy, and not work.

At first he could see the girl laugh behind the professor's back, but soon she began to make little signs to him through the chinks of the window-curtains that he should stop; and, as he did not choose to stop, a frown gathered on her brow, which changed to a look of alarm at swiftly growing signs of storm upon the horizon.

The storm broke. Oaths and hot ejaculations flashed hither and thither. Was the professor accusing her of connivance? The Venetian dialect was not mute, but unintelligible to him on that point. Suffice it that Gilda herself, with a half-angry, half-mocking air, leant out and let down the bar of the green persiani so that they were now entirely, instead of half, closed; and in spite of the suffocating heat, the windows within were then shut with a bang, so that neither sight nor sound could reach to, or issue from, the apartment over the way.

Fortescue sighed, and decided to forego his early morning's practice. He had a lesson that day and chose to remain out, even through the glaring midday hours, till he knew that the professor would have gone to his academy of teaching.

But when he returned the windows were still hermetically sealed in the fourth storey, and though he waited patiently till all the dark blue sky was studded thick with the stars that had always been so joyous to him, the stars seemed to smile mockingly at his loneliness to-night; for he waited in vain! Gilda did not come out to her flowers; and the flowers breathed their fragrance to a deserted terrace, and the lover sat disconsolate.

It was not till the evening of the fourth day, when he was sitting dejectedly smoking his cigar behind a moreen curtain that safely shaded him, that he could see even a chance of learning why he was so deeply in disgrace.

Soon after the falling of the dusk, at which hour she had been wont to stroll forth—indeed, long after the stars had burst the blue and had been put out again by the whitest of moonlights that fire-flies flecked busily with their

merry spark—in fact, when he had quite given her up again, he saw a little black figure creep warily out of the window and sit quickly down under the heliotrope and the roses.

He waited. Then softly—leaning as far out of the window as he could—"Signorina," he whispered.

She did not reply.

"Ah, I beg of you, answer me," he said gently. "Tell me, at least, in what I have erred!"

Then she rose.

"Do you address me, Signor mio?" said she artlessly. "Erred? I do not understand. We are strangers. We do not even know your name. You owe us no courtesy—save what is usual from one neighbour to another!"

He drew back.

"Excuse me," he said, "it was I who had not understood. But if I have failed in that courtesy which even the merest neighbours owe to one another, I apologise, humbly!"

"Oh, we have not the right, not the right at all to object," declared she again, with the same resumption of her most dignified mood. "You, on the contrary, are in your right. Only you will understand, to my—my professor it was an annoyance when you, as it were to say, desired to profit by his learned instruction—so—without—ah, you understand!"

The voice dropped into a little deprecatory laugh, and there was a fluttering gesture of a plump white hand in the moonlight. Fortescue stood open-mouthed, trying to take it in.

"But I—I said to him," continued she, "I said: 'On the contrary, you should not take it so at all! You should say to yourself: It is a compliment. He knows, that young man, he knows well that Marini does not make the great artists.' But he would not listen, though, you heard, I talked long."

"Yes, I heard," said Fortescue.

"But you must excuse him, because, you know, it is also a little because he takes much interest in you. Such a pretty talent! It is really a pity! Marini!"

The scorn that she threw into the utterance of that name made him smile in spite of his mortification.

But was that all he had inspired? Pity that he was learning of Marini?

"Then it was not because I had presumed to hold conversation with a lady who had not deigned to admit

me to the sanctity of her home?" he said after a pause, with exaggerated deference.

She laughed—her gay, girlish laugh once more.

"Oh, but how could it be that, Signor mio, when it was you who had rendered me a service, and I who, as it was proper, gave you thanks for your graciousness?" murmured she.

He looked straight and scrutinisingly at her in the moonlight. Yes, she returned his gaze just as kindly as she had ever done; her smile was just as radiant in the bright, white light; her black eyes shone with as charmingly frank and friendly a look.

He took heart of grace.

"But of course, how else can one learn?" said the girl simply. "Anger when one does bad, praise when one does well—and then much of it."

"I should like to learn of the Signor Peruzzi," said the young man at last, "but how to break with my present master, that is the difficulty."

"But not at all, not at all!" cried the siren lightly, waving the plump hand airily again. "To-morrow, when you go, you must say that you are called suddenly away by the illness of your mother. Have you a mother?"

"Yes, I have a mother," he replied, and he was too much troubled to smile.

"By the illness of your mother—or what you will," she continued.

"Then you must stay in your rooms, concealed for a little; and then well, and then—never mind!" And she gave her own little shrug of the shoulders to clinch the matter.

"Do not conceal! No, no, I couldn't do that," cried the Englishman. "Besides," he added, trying to laugh the matter off, "it would be too hot. I have no such charming place where to take the air as you have."

She smiled, a pensive smile, then she gave a furtive, laughing look across at him. "Well—who knows?" said she mysteriously. "One might see what to do."

The words might have meant it, certainly! It was Fortescue's first flirtation with a n Italian girl. Why should he not suppose that they meant what he wished?

"Ah! if one had the joy to be admitted to your friendly home. Ah, then, Signor mio!"

She laughed as she always did when he so addressed her.

"We are all students," said she

lightly, but with her most intoxicating glance.

"You are too good," he murmured; but somehow feeling that he was off the trail once more.

"And as for Maestro Marini," added she, with the toss of her head, "I assure you he will understand! He has had it done to him before. He will say nothing!"

Fortescue looked distressed—and undecided.

"Poor devil!" he muttered. Then, holding on to the hasp of the shutter and swinging his lithe body as far as he dared across the cruel water, he whispered: "For the sake of being the Faust to you—ah! what would one not do?"

In a moment her grand air fell again as a mantle about her.

"These are affairs about which you must treat with the



"If the lady would tell me at what trattoria she dined—I could inquire—" And he lifted his hat.

This was but intended as a last mark of kindness, as a final favour.

How stupid of him not to have guessed at this most simple path to her before! How kind of her to show him the way now!

The moments were flying as he thought of all this, still gazing at her the while.

He was roused by the sound of her voice.

"Marini! it is really a pity," she was murmuring. "He may have talent to teach the dilettante or even the concert-singer; I don't say no. But for the opera—impossible! He has no fire!"

"No, it is true, he has no fire," laughed Fortescue. "He can't scold as your professor can! And I daresay it is good for us!"

professor," said she with dignity. "I wish you the good-night."

And she swept suddenly through the window into the room.

He sat there, far into the night, puzzled, irritated, undecided; his legs swinging over the water, his head hot with the languor of the summer night.

The fire-flies flicked the white moonlight with blood-red spots as they danced in and out amid the orange-trees and the magnolias on that alluring terrace; the sounds of mingled music, from the gondolier's song to the twang of strident bands on distant canals, jarred in his brain; the heliotrope and the magnolias and the orange-blossoms persuaded him at last. For, as he drank in their heavy fragrance he dreamed of plump white shoulders and magnetic black eyes, so near and yet so far, in the moonlight across the water.

A blunt English note found its way to the fourth storey opposite the next morning, and the reply was on Fortescue's table with the tray bringing his perfunctory mid-day meal; the Professor Peruzzi would be delighted to receive Signor Fortescue that evening and to arrange about the lessons.

The evening came. There had been a thunderstorm, which had cooled the oppressive air, but had robbed the terrace of all its charm. The sky was leaden, the lightning still flashed fitfully, and the rain fell in a pitiless, uninterrupted stream.

Fortescue had made a sort of a toilet for the occasion, and when he was shown into the tawdry little salotto, the grizzly professor, whom he had so often seen in the deshabille of an embroidered smoking-cap and a dirty dressing-gown, received him in a shabby frock-coat.

But the siren was not present.

The master put him through a song, told him his method was all wrong and his technique shocking, and suggested three lessons a week to begin with.

But the Signor Fortescue thought this was too little, since his state was so desperate: he preferred a lesson every day, and he wished to make it a condition that he should be prepared for debut in Gounod's *Faust*.

The professor gazed hard at him and looked as though he were about to explode, but he contained himself, and only said hotly

"I never make conditions, Signore. But you have a little of the requisite voice and—and something of the appearance. Since you destine yourself for the profession, it might not be impossible—with time . . . with much time!"

Fortescue frowned. Then he thought of the terrace, where the rain was now dropping drearily—thought of it in the moonlight, in the hot nights; thought of the lady who presided there.

And he agreed to the terms—yes, and signed his agreement to them, in that dingy salotto, under the dim petroleum lamp.

He took a long breath when he had done it, for it was for two years, and it was for a big sum. But he glanced eagerly at the door that led to an inner room: for the Diva delayed still.

The professor stood up, coldly polite, rubbing his hands together: it was an intimation that the interview was over.

"I have heard—it has been impossible to prevent it, my apartment being exactly opposite—" began Fortescue again, in desperation. "I have heard the beautiful voice of your—your daughter. She also studies the '*Faust*' of Gounod. Might it be, perhaps, possible to arrange—? Her valuable influence—support—"

He stopped, afraid to go on, for the old man was glaring at him.

"My daughter—?" echoed he scoffingly, and with a marked emphasis—"my daughter does not study with my pupils, if that is your meaning. She—"

There was a rustle behind a curtain, and she swept into the room. She laid her hand on the professor's arm, and, in a cooling voice—

"Will you present me?" said she to him, gazing coolly at her victim.

She was set out in her best—as he had seen her on the

day when he had first dared to address her. Her hair was arranged elaborately, her face was softly dusted with powder, her dress fitted like wax over her bust and closely round her plump throat; there was no more of the wild girl, of the pretty soubrette, of the alluring damsel of the terrace. She was the dignified lady receiving him in her own house.

"Signor Fortescue, I have the honour to present you to my wife," said the professor, taking her hand dramatically.

And from behind his shoulder the lady of the terrace looked across proudly, a mocking smile curling the corners of her full, red mouth, and a triumphant light in her merry black eyes.

He bowed and took his leave.

He told himself that he had been dense, but there was no possibility of misunderstanding now.



She leant over the railing towards the opposite house, whispering mysteriously.

SEE PAGE 52.

She had tricked him!

But, after all, what had she done?

She had been very charming; she had lent an added beauty to a pretty picture of a Venetian home, an added fascination to the languorous evenings of an Italian summer; she had lightened the weariness of study—and, she had secured another pupil for her husband.

He went in.

The music stood open on the piano.

"Salve Dimora, casta e pura!"

But he did not sing it that night.

THE END.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Twelve (from January 1 to June 25, 1898) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsvagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

MUSIC.

One of the most charming concerts of this season was given on the Friday of last week by Dr. Joachim and Mr. Leonard Borwick, who combined to give us five sonatas for pianoforte and violin by various masters—Bach, Mozart, Tartini, Beethoven, and Brahms. As everybody knows, the opera performances have recently taken a heavy and strong Wagnerian turn, and it was accordingly delightful, after the tremendous impressiveness of Wagner's overwhelming music, to wander into provinces of art no less great and rare, but more genial, sweeter, more tender, more gentle. These two artists, of course, rank among the most accomplished musical interpreters of the time, despite the disparity of their ages. On this occasion both played exquisitely. Joachim was in his finest form. There is no doubt that he is in his own way without a rival upon his own instrument.

He does not, indeed, seek to please by displays of amazing virtuosity, or by violence of expression, or by shows of excessive passion. His virtues lie all on this side of the boundary line which separates excess from moderation. The beauty of his tone and his amazing sense of rhythm make his accomplishment when it is upon its highest level most extraordinary. Mr. Borwick's pianoforte-playing again unites the greatest delicacy of touch with something like an exquisitely refined sentiment and emphasis. With these talents in combination the result was quite irresistible.

The most faultless performance of the evening was the Mozart Sonata, which, beautiful as a composition, was played with perfection by this pair of noble artists. The quick movements were marvellous examples of sympathetic union between two players, and the brilliance, the rapidity, the full joy of the composition were interpreted in the most exactly classical, yet in the most feeling manner. Joachim's "*Trillo del Diavolo*" is, of course, an old story; but in the Beethoven, one of that master's most sensitive compositions of a comparatively early period, his genius was most movingly apparent. The Bach was delightful also, but not perhaps upon so great a height. In a word, the concert was a wonderful treasure-house of artistic revelation which in these days we weary opera-goers need rather sorely.

The cycles of the "*Ring*" have now been concluded, and have made history for Covent Garden. A really great performance of "*Götterdämmerung*" was given on Saturday, with Madame Ternina as Brünnhilde and M. Jean de Reszke as Siegfried. Ternina was simply wonderful, acting with an intensity, a power, and a significance that cannot be too highly praised. She knew Wagner's intentions in their entirety, and she carried them through with a dignity, a thoughtfulness, and a magnificence of feeling which aroused the house to complete enthusiasm. Jean de Reszke's Siegfried was very fine, particularly in the first scene of the last act; but we are inclined to think that he needs some time before the part will

be made entirely his own. He has all the makings of the best Siegfried now upon the boards; but in this music-drama he requires more public acquaintance with the part before he is as truly great in it as he is in "*Siegfried*." Mottl was splendid, but his orchestra at times showed signs of fatigue.

A protest should really be made here on the manner in which the Press representatives were treated on this occasion. This was the first time in London when those two great artists, Ternina and Jean de Reszke, played the principal parts in "*Götterdämmerung*"; yet the musical critics of London were invited to stand wherever room could be found between the hours of four p.m. and 10.30 p.m. (with the exception of intervals) in the vacant and seatless places of Covent Garden Theatre. Surely this theatre can afford to live up to the ordinary traditions of professional courtesy in London.

Melba has made her first appearance with immense success in "*La Traviata*." A crowded house applauded every phrase uttered by that beautiful voice, and again and again she was recalled after the close of each act. The opera is what you please; but Melba is incomparable.



THE GARDEN-PARTY AT LAMBETH PALACE ON JULY 2: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY RECEIVING THE GUESTS.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: SCENES IN CUBA.

From Sketches by a Correspondent.



AN INSURGENT VEDETTE.



A SPANISH OFFICER RECONNOITRING FROM THE TOP OF A PALM-TREE.

The Spanish-American War.

Drawings, Sketches, and Photographs from our Special Artist and other Correspondents.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. R. SHAFTER,
COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES FORCES IN CUBA.



ADMIRAL SAMPSON,
WHO DESTROYED ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET AT SANTIAGO ON INDEPENDENCE DAY



GENERAL LAWTON,
WHO COMMANDED THE RIGHT AT SANTIAGO.



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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Admiral Sampson's opportunity did not come so quickly as Admiral Dewey's, but it was worth waiting for, especially as his victory over Cervera came in time for the Fourth of July. William Thomas Sampson was born in February 1840, at Palmyra, in the State of New York. He was of humble parentage, his father being a labourer, and his early education was picked up by desultory attendance at country schools. His ambition to learn, however, kept him at his books in the intervals of wood-cutting or similar labour, and he diligently coned such textbooks as had come his way. When young Sampson was seventeen, he obtained, through the interest of Representative Morgan, an appointment as midshipman in the United States Marine Academy at Annapolis. After four years he graduated first in his class. At the outbreak of the War of Secession he was not old enough to obtain a command, but a year later he had so distinguished himself as master on the frigate *Pelamac* as to be promoted Second Lieutenant. He now served on the *John Adams*, the *Patapsco*, of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, and on the steam-frigate *Colorado*, flag-ship of the European squadron. He was on board the *Patapsco* during her destruction in Charleston Harbour. In the following year he was promoted Lieutenant-Commander, attaining in 1874 to the rank of Commander, in which capacity he served on board



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. F. KENT,
WHO COMMANDED THE CENTRE AT SANTIAGO.

years ago. In 1859 he graduated at West Point, and served in New Mexico as Lieutenant of cavalry. In 1861 he resigned, to enter the Confederate Horse. His promotion was rapid. In succession he commanded a regiment, a brigade, a division, and an army corps. In May 1864 he found himself senior cavalry General of the Southern army, and received the thanks of the Confederate Congress for his defence of Aiken. At the close of the war this wonderfully versatile soldier was offered the Chair of Philosophy in the Louisiana State Seminary, but declined academic honours, and betook himself to planting and the law, which he followed until he was elected to the forty-seventh Congress. He has represented Alabama for eight terms. He believes in the Press, printing what he cannot manage to say in debate, for he is a poor speaker.

Our other portraits represent Brigadier-General W. R. Shafter, Commander of the U.S. forces in Cuba; General Lawton, who commanded the extreme right in the first combined attack on Santiago; Brigadier-General J. F. Kent, who commanded the centre in the same engagement; General R. A. Alger, Secretary for War; and Assistant-Secretary the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, whose field of operation is Washington and whose weapons are at present the telegraph and pen.



Photo brought by Captain F. M. Roome

GENERAL VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA SEVEN MILES FROM THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOUR.



GENERAL R. A. ALGER,
SECRETARY FOR WAR.

the *Alert*, a third-rate vessel. He afterwards proceeded to the Asiatic station as Commander of the *Svatera*.

In 1882 a turn of shore duty followed, during which Lieutenant Sampson was stationed at the Naval Observatory, a position he held till 1885. At the International Prime Meridian and Time Conference, held at Washington in 1884, he was a member. From 1886 to 1890 he was Superintendent of the Naval Academy. In 1889 he attained the rank of Captain; and in that year was delegate from the United States to the International Maritime Conference held at Washington. He then commanded the new cruiser *San Francisco* on the Pacific coast, and subsequently took charge of the ordnance bureau. On March 24 of the present year Captain Sampson was promoted Rear-Admiral to succeed Rear-Admiral Sicard at Key West. The appointment caused some surprise, as Captain Sampson ranked as fourth Captain in the service, but the choice was popular, and has been amply justified by events.

Another notable leader, but on land, in the Santiago fight is the dashing cavalry leader, Major-General Wheeler—"Fighting Joe Wheeler" as he has been called since the days of his exploits with the Confederate Horse. General Wheeler is a native of Georgia, having been born at Augusta in that State just sixty-two



THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
ASSISTANT-SECRETARY FOR WAR.

T H E S P A N I S H - A M E R I C A N W A R.



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET: SKETCH TAKEN ON MAY 12, WHEN BOMBARDING SAN JUAN.

THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR.



THE BEACH AT BAIQUIRI, WHERE GENERAL SHAFER'S FORCES DISEMBARKED.



IRON FOOT-BRIDGE AT BAIQUIRI USED BY THE AMERICANS FOR LANDING WAR-STORES.

From Photographs by M. G. Dordée.

The Times

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VOLUME

JEWELS AND THEIR MOUNTING.

Physiologists, experts in psychology, philosophers, and others who spend so much time in explaining many things, have never attempted to tell us why, from the earliest ages of man, the race has always loved to adorn itself with trinkets composed mainly of glittering things.

The savage on the Gold Coast who cannot get glass beads will hang polished brass rings on his arms and legs, and the more he or she can carry, the more pleased is he or she. The Maori, who is civilised enough to wear cheap trousers and football jerseys, is thrilled at the sight of a polished jade earring, and a South Sea girl, refined as she is, cannot resist spoiling her shapely neck with a string of blue Bohemian beads. Even the black boy in the back blocks of Queensland will laboriously chip up a Bass's beer-bottle into ornaments for his "gin." There is no North-American Indian who does not love what, to him, are jewels; no Esquimaux maiden whose pendants of polished teeth are not the envy of her less-adorned sisters. The old Assyrians wore jewels; the Romans used jewels in profusion. Every age, civilised and uncivilised, has had one characteristic in common—a passion for jewels. The measure of value has usually been the rarity. Sometimes it is the brilliance or the colour which affects the demand. Some jewels have a religious significance—a stone which is holy in the East is almost without potency in the West. With what reverence does a Maori look upon Tangi Wi? In England we regard the opal as unlucky; and the common moonstone, than which there is hardly a more beautiful gem, as lucky in the extreme; both would seem to be of the same family, if, indeed, there be

any family ties among jewels. But whether a gem be lucky or unlucky, of curious tint, or unnatural density, it is always sought for, always has been, and always will be. The world will not change in this respect at least. Why, we do not know—we cannot analyse the feelings with which a woman looks upon superb diamonds, or why a young girl's heart is drawn towards the ineffable beauty of an Oriental pearl. And as we love jewels, so we love them to be becomingly mounted—that is, we moderns; the ancients did not seem to care so much. They stuck the stones into gold, silver, or bronze, and were satisfied. Barbaric splendour did not require elegance; it was

merely greedy of quantity. The mounting of jewels has wonderfully improved during the last thirty years. We don't smother up our diamonds in heavy gold; we delicately hold them together with silver, or, still better, platinum. Even aluminium is now used, and with good results. Those

precious stones and an unerring business instinct. The Jews are the great dealers in precious stones, and to buy from these clever merchants the buyer must know as much as the seller. Few Englishmen are in the first rank in jewellery. There are some whose names will readily occur. They

are household words. They possess all the qualities which have made Hatton Garden famous, and they possess in addition that peculiar quality which makes an Englishman bad to beat at any trade. There are half-a-dozen firms in London who are kings in the gem trade. There is one in New York, second perhaps to none. The French are losing the trade. They have taste, but they lack the pluck to buy big stones and fine ones. The French mounting is good, but French jewels are a bad investment. English jewellers in a wholesale way have long seen that if big prices are to be paid for large crowns, resplendent tiaras, or queenly necklaces, the stones which compose them must be all absolutely flawless, perfect in colour and match. With this idea in their heads, they have always worked, and now hold the trade in their hands. And it is a trade which is wonderfully steady in this demand for the best. The very best seems always saleable both in pictures or jewels; it has an unvarying value—a value which the ordinary public hardly appreciates. Orders ranging from ten to fifty thousand pounds are far more common than one would imagine. They are also more difficult to execute than would seem possible in these latter days, when the possession of money implies the power to purchase anything. Fine stones are not merely expensive, they are rare. For instance, the firm to whom we have



superb mounters, Messrs. Hardebeck and Bornhardt, of Rosebery Avenue, from whose design-book the illustrations which accompany this article are taken, are using aluminium as a setting for diamonds, and declare that it is excellent. It possesses a dead whiteness, which sets off a stone of the first water. Hardebeck and Bornhardt do a great deal of work for the best West-End shops, and they have also a large share of the Indian trade. They may be considered typical English workers in gems, not of the second quality, nor of those cheaper sorts one sees in small shops, but of stones which go to adorn the coronets of princesses and tiaras of queens. Such work requires an extensive knowledge of

before alluded as typical of our best English mounters. Messrs. Hardebeck and Bornhardt, showed the writer a design for a necklace which they had on order, and assured him that it would take from three to four months to find the stones alone! And this quite irrespective of price! The gradual rise of English mounters to their present high position is interesting, and its history will perhaps one day be written. The trade is one which we have wrestled from the Continent, and which, by our beauty of design and excellent workmanship, we are increasing and holding. The time is not far distant when we shall practically monopolise the big jewel trade of the world.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



UNITED STATES TROOPS LEAVING CALIFORNIA FOR MANILA. THE LAST ON BOARD.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- The Awakening of a Nation: Mexico of To-Day.* By Charles L. Lummis. (Harper and Brothers.)
- John and Sebastian Cabot.* By C. Raymond Beazley. (Fisher Unwin.)
- The Hon. Sir Charles Murray, K.C.B.: A Memoir.* By Sir Herbert Maxwell. (Blackwood and Sons.)
- With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force, 1895.* By Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson. (Methuen and Co.)
- The Ninking of Religion.* By Andrew Lang, M.A., LL.D., St. Andrews. (Longmans.)
- Writ in the Trees.* By Mrs. Hinkson. (Richards.)
- The Admiral.* A Romance of Nelson in the Year of the Nile. By Douglas Sladen. (Hutchinson and Co.)
- A Widow's Tale; and Other Stories.* By Mrs. Oliphant. With an Introductory Note by J. M. Barrie. (Blackwood and Sons.)
- Liddy Margret.* By L. B. Walford. (Longmans.)
- Flaunting Moll; and Other Stories.* By R. A. J. Walling. (Harper and Brothers.)
- Penelope's Experiences in Scotland.* Being Extracts from the commonplace-book of Penelope Hamilton. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)

Mexico is fortunate in its latest champion. Mr. Lummis's pen has an eloquence and an energy, and not infrequently a biting satire, which many greater countries do not find in their historians, and which, expended as they so often are in this book in contempt and criticism of the United States, must be rather galling to that self-satisfied nation. As Mr. Lummis is himself an American, however, it is impossible to bring the charge of malice against him. On the contrary, the Anglo-Saxons owe him a debt of gratitude for showing what really admirable results can be got, with management, from the Latin-American races. Of the present marvellous prosperity of Mexico the great part is due to President Diaz, who has for twenty years ruled the Republic on a system of what Mr. Lummis calls "logical paternalism." He has pulled the country through difficulties innumerable and incredible; he has brought it from lawlessness to order; and, however unwilling the Yankee may be to admit that any good thing can come out of Spain, the present state of Mexico is an insuperable testimony to the capacity of the Spanish-American. It is a curious thing, as Mr. Lummis points out, that with all her faults Spain has had a knack of colonising which is in its way quite as remarkable as the Anglo-Saxon one. We are the most successful colonisers the world has seen; but we do not merge; we simply supersede. None of our colonies shows a semi-foreign, semi-native race such as is to be found in nearly all the countries of South America. Conquered Hindoos and Maoris do not speak English, but Spanish is spoken throughout half of the New World. It is well for the States to remember these things in the days of her wrath against Spain.

Seeing that all that is known of John Cabot can be written on a postcard, and that his son Sebastian is a hardly more defined figure in history, it says much for Mr. Raymond Beazley's industry that he should have produced a volume of three hundred pages on that shadowy family. Unfortunately, this sort of biography becomes too often a vain bickering with obscure opponents over minute controversial points. When it is uncertain in what year John Cabot made his first voyage to America, how many ships he took, whether his sons went with him, and how long he was away; when opinion varies so much about Sebastian that one historian attributes to him the purest motives and the most elevated character while another holds him a traitorous scoundrel, it is hopeless to expect agreement. The expectation, at all events, will be dispelled before you get through Mr. Beazley's Preface.

The life of every diplomatist is worth reading; and the budget of anecdote, gossip, and history which Sir Herbert Maxwell has published by way of memoir of the late Sir Charles Murray is thoroughly entertaining. The interest, it may be confessed, is mainly personal, for it did not fall to Sir Charles in any of his capacities to mould great events. We learn instead that he coached the Queen in a game of chess—and lost it; that he brought to Europe the first hippopotamus that had been there since the Tertiary Epoch; that he wrote a novel for the express purpose of communicating, through his love dialogue, with a lady whose parents frowned on his suit, and who afterwards became his wife. The records of the young Queen's Court in the 'thirties are of exceptional interest.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson's experiences of the Mashonaland rebellion were exciting enough to warrant the publication of a detailed narrative. Warfare with savages is always a rather amusing pastime if you do not get hit. The Mashonaland rebels were armed, when they were armed at all, with rifles which might have seen service on the field of Waterloo, and they loaded with anything, from bits of telegraph wire to bits of glass bottles. One of Alderson's men had the stopper of a Worcester-sauce bottle cut out of his cheek.

Dr. Andrew Lang (the degree appended to a familiar name has an unco'sound) could not be dull if he tried. And this book, serious enough in subject and treatment, and that leaven of humour which lightens the argument and makes it easy of digestion. Dr. Lang has been Gifford Lecturer, and he tells us that "these chapters on the early history of religion" may be "taken as representing his lectures, though, in fact, they contain very little that was spoken from Lord Gifford's chair." Therefore, curiosity as to what Dr. Lang did actually say remains unsatisfied. In the first part of this volume he seeks to show that the evidence as to genuine hallucinations, thought-transference, and telepathic crystal-gazing among savages, when compared with evidence of similar phenomena among educated people, makes for the validity of those phenomena. Dr. Lang censures the anthropologists for ignoring this, and for lumping the solemn testimony of intelligent persons with the detected quackery of spiritualist mediums. The anthropologists may reply that when the psychical researchers have settled their differences about the genuineness of Mrs. Piper's "trances," the question which modern psychology seems to have answered may be reopened. The second part of the volume summarises evidence which, in Dr. Lang's judgment, supports a theory of high conceptions of deity among certain savage races.

These conceptions are not easy to reconcile with the ideas of those races on other matters, and it may be found that contact with civilised peoples, of which traces are not yet discovered, explains the presence of so-called monotheistic beliefs in the lower culture.

Of all the verse-books of the year there is hardly one so graceful, and certainly not one that so perfectly fulfils its aim, as Mrs. Hinkson's "Wind in the Trees." It is a real country book, celebrating the delights of woods and gardens and quiet lanes with as much sincerity as skill. It is strong enough to dock you of weeks of London, and force your holiday in green pastures. We have read former verse of Mrs. Hinkson with sympathy and admiration, but never felt so convinced before of her power and art. There are no failures in the book, partly because there are no high ambitions, no profundities to get lost in, but also because she has written of what she loves. All is prudently circumscribed in aim, wholesome, and charming. There is an old-world tone and tune about many of the pieces, but no studied imitation, no affectation. She never echoes what is alien. In the volume are two or three gems, but there is hardly one better than her picture of "Drought"—

The sky is greyer than doves,
Hardly a zephyr moves,
Little voices complain,
The leaves rustle before the rain.

Only the moan and stir
Of little hands in the boughs I hear,
Beckoning the rain to come
Out of the evening, out of the gloom.

The wind's wings are still,
Nothing stirs but the singing rill,
And hearts that complain,
The leaves rustle before the rain.

Mr. Douglas Sladen in "The Admiral" has been as successful as it was possible to be in an almost impossible undertaking—"To present to the reader, in the year of the centenary of the Nile, the real Nelson without extenuation or malice." In the first place, there is the Horatian difficulty, *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*. Every reader has a preconception of Nelson with which Mr. Sladen's presentment of the hero of the Nile will conflict more or less. But, in the second place, Mr. Sladen was in danger of falling between the two stools of history and fiction. Having at his command a quantity of fresh material, he has incorporated it bodily into his story. In his preface he italicises the boast, "I have, wherever it was feasible, used, whether in dialogue or description, the actual words of Nelson and his contemporaries"; and the result is a portrait perhaps more realistic than artistic. On the other hand, he has idealised Lady Hamilton out of all recognition by such readers as have made her Ladyship's acquaintance through the pages of those who knew her best. In a word, Mr. Sladen's book is at once an interesting novel and an instructive biographical study of the hero of the Nile.

Mrs. Oliphant herself, in a pathetic preface to her "Widow's Tale," written a year or so before her death, confessed to a sense of being stranded by a tide of fashion that washed now other shores, and to the sadness of "watching from a ruined tower" the new developments. But her style had its own fine felicities, and we welcome in such a charming story as "Mademoiselle" not only "the touch of a vanished hand," but "the tender grace of a day that is dead." The other stories we cannot estimate as highly as Mr. Barrie does in his generous and graceful introduction.

We have been disappointed also in Mrs. Walford's latest venture, "Liddy Margret," which has at least the merit of originality in choosing an octogenarian for heroine. However, the old lady of eighty-four is in years only unfitted for the rôle, since she is not merely sweet and gentle and gracious, but a tom-boy! Whenever she can escape or evade her "keeper," we had almost said—for this to the reader her maid seems to be—she goes tripping, shrimping, or snarving up apple-trees to eat the fruit, with her legs dangling from some dizzy bough! In truth all the ladies, young or old, seem to be tom-boys, at least in this matter of munching and crunching "tuck." And now, if anyone thinks that full-fledged young maidens of quality, accustomed to plenty at home, cannot muster up special appetites for such a special feast, they ought to have been present at Lady Margaret's tea-party. It was nothing but munch, munch, scrunch, scrunch, sip and sop for the best part of an hour." We wish Mrs. Walford a speedy return to her happier form.

It is not always, nor perhaps often, that the eponymous story of a collection deserves the honour of the godfather-ship, but we think Mr. Walling's "Flaunting Moll" the best of the many dramatic tales he has republished under this title. It is the old, old story of a prodigal daughter who returns to her home to receive from her stern Calvinistic parent the reverse of a gospel welcome. However, an accident which laid the implacable father upon a death-bed of agony brought him at last to a gospel sense that he must show on earth the mercy he seeks from heaven, and the curtain falls upon a pathetic scene of forgiveness in and through death. There are one or two sketches in the collection which hardly deserved reprinting, while occasionally Mr. Walling surprises us by a sudden descent to a style of this halfpenny comic journal kind: "Their marital relations were disturbed by differences which materialised when the jar had been emptied."

Mrs. Douglas Wiggin's "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland" is rather a book of travel, describing minutely the manners and customs of the strange people of that *terra incognita*, than a novel. However, there is a pretty tangled thread of gold in the shape of a love-story running through it to relieve its descriptions of dreary Scotch weather and theology. We are not sure that we do not agree rather with Francesca's first impressions of the Rev. Ronald Macdonald as a prig than with her last as a hero; for, of course, the love-match began, as Sir Anthony Absolute prescribes, "with a little aversion." To say that the book is by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is to say it is lightly and brightly written.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Although Thackeray's "Esmond" has been out of copyright for some years now, there has never been an attempt at a neater edition of it than Mr. Dent has just published in his "Temple Classics." To that same series he has also added "The Pilgrim's Progress," in one volume. Mr. Dent's dainty editions must come very hard upon the older publishers, who have for years given us cheap reprints of standard authors; yet, curiously enough, it is not these old houses, which once made so much money by reprints, that are paying Mr. Dent the compliment of imitation, but quite a different type of house. Messrs. Blackwood, in a new edition of George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life," and Messrs. Methuen, in a new edition of Thomas à Kempis, have produced books almost identical in appearance with the "Temple Classics." Not less than two houses, I understand—Dent and Methuen—are contemplating an edition of Dickens's works in this form.

At last we are to have a rival to the "English Men of Letters" series. I hold the theory that biography may very well be rewritten every ten years; that is to say, apart from exceptional cases, as with Johnson, when the book was written once and for all. The "Men of Letters" series, edited by Mr. John Morley, was a magnificent project, admirably conceived and brilliantly carried out. Some of the books in it were of the utmost value: there was Mr. Mark Pattison's "Milton" and Professor Huxley's "Hume," Mr. Myers's "Wordsworth," and so on. Now, every one of the writers in Mr. Morley's list has been made the subject of further research since those biographies were written. Think, for example, of all the books we have had concerning Swift; think of the immense amplification of our knowledge of Byron. Further than that, Mr. Morley showed a narrow-mindedness of his own. It was not the narrow-mindedness of the Puritan divine or of the man who had just gone over to Rome, but it was there all the same. Mr. Morley, for instance, declined to publish a Life of Keble—he would not publish a Life of Clough. Now, both these men were intellectual studies, both were indisputably men of letters, whatever Mr. Morley might think. It was, I suppose, the influence of Positivism upon him which led Mr. Morley to neglect the women-writers, and to refuse a place in the series to Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and Maria Edgeworth. Even he would not have been so pedantic as to have urged that the title "Men of Letters" should not include women. However, the "Men of Letters" series must have had an enormous sale in its day. Probably that day is over for many of the volumes. I can conceive, however, that a new series of biographies, if the books are placed in competent hands, will be an immense success with the younger generation. They will doubtless give as much pleasure and instruction as the "Men of Letters" series gave to some of us older men a few years back.

Professor Knight of St. Andrews has been giving his collection of Wordsworth treasures to Dove Cottage, Grasmere. The trustees of Dove Cottage, of whom Mr. Stopford Brooke is the principal, have written a long letter of thanks to Professor Knight, in which they dwell upon the personal obligation that they all feel for what he has done for "Wordsworth's works and honour," for the "fresh knowledge of his life and household," and for "the light thrown upon his poetry." I am very much surprised to find so good a student of Wordsworth as Mr. Stopford Brooke committing himself to statements of this kind. To have thanked Professor Knight for his gift to Dove Cottage of portraits, sketches, engravings, and original manuscripts of Wordsworth is one thing; to thank him for what he has done in editing Wordsworth is quite another. As a matter of fact, Professor Knight has twice in succession brought out large and apparently final editions of Wordsworth's works. How egregiously he blundered over the first of these editions is known to everybody. That he has blundered largely in the second issue—that of Messrs. Macmillan—is equally certain. He has made it practically impossible that there should ever be a final edition of Wordsworth's works that is thorough, because it will never pay another publisher to do what the Macmillans have done under Professor Knight's guidance. Did Professor Knight himself send this very letter to the *Times*? I wonder if it was his fatal gift of inaccurate transcript, or whether it was a blunder of the *Times* people themselves, that all the way through it, "Dover" Cottage is referred to. It may have been the *Times* proof-readers who made the blunder, but I strongly suspect that it was a final touch of careless transcription so humorously appropriate to the occasion.

One watches with curiosity the literary blunders of one's friends. Within two or three days I note a quotation from Schiller attributed to John Ruskin, and that famous reference of Sir Walter Scott's as to literature being a staff and not a crutch attributed to Dr. Johnson. This last blunder was made by a brilliant journalist who has called many newspapers into existence, and has made much money out of them. It is nice to feel that there is one subject—an unenumerative one, it is true—which he does not understand as well as some of us who have little of his capacity in other directions.

A friend presented me a day or two ago with a bound copy of the first volume of Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary," which contains the letters A and B. Without wishing to disparage the gift, I am sorry that my first experience with it was not very satisfactory. I came across the word "blemus" in Charles Kingsley's "Yeast," but it was not in Dr. Murray. I find the word, however, with its three meanings, in Cassell's "Encyclopedic Dictionary."

Mr. Heinemann has just published a translation of M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." One clearly understands the success of the play in France; one understands, further, that it may succeed with an English audience in the original; but will it succeed with that larger and less art-loving audience that is uninfluenced by French literary sympathies? I fear not. A presentation of the somewhat morbid self-abnegation of the hero, however beautifully rendered, will not crowd an English pit and gallery for long.

C. K. S.

THE SILENCE OF LONDON.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOP.

Dwellers in the wilderness are only too frequently called upon to "run up to town," as the phrase is. We can't help ourselves; we are summoned by some *force majeure* on this errand or on that, and we make the best of it, and we expect to find our reward in one shape or another. Time was when we rather dreaded the noise. Think of Mr. Squeers at the Saracen's Head, and all that he and his betters were compelled to hear. The rattling over the stones, the tootling of the horn as the coach turned into the yard, the deafening hubbub on Holborn Hill, the chaff, the epithets more or less abominable, poured forth with a frightful fluency on the slightest provocation, the ribald laughter, and the loud jibes that were hurled incessantly at man and beast, the tumult of tongues when the old inn was full to overflowing, and dripping outside passengers had to turn out in search of a night's lodging, and a crowd of ragged ruffians seized hold of their victim's bag and baggage, and ran off, lawling that they would show him the way. He, meanwhile, like panting Time, toiling after them in vain, and screaming feeble protests to the inexorable street cads who in those evil days had no fear of Police-man X. All night long the night-houses were open, and Tom and Jerry were making the darkness horrible with their riot; and sleep for the weary was taken only in snatches, for ever disturbed by harshest sounds and wicked cries and a hideous babel which made men dream of Pandemonium, and, waking up, to think they must have got there at last!

I remember in my childhood finding myself one night in a lodging in Thavies Inn, under the protection of my big brother. I think he must have been eating dinners at the Temple, but why I was there I knew not. I was very frightened, for even in that quiet retreat the unceasing roar of Holborn scared me. I had heard of the French Revolution, and I had more than a suspicion that the London mob were going to set up the guillotine yonder in the Strand. But guillotine or no guillotine, a child of eight can never be persuaded to lie awake, and I slept heavily. Suddenly, close under my window, a gruff voice was heard droning out in an awful monotone, "Half-past one o'clock, a ve-ry rainy morning!" It was the watchman crying the hours. How alarmed I was! Was somebody going to be hung, drawn, and quartered? In those days there were ghouls whose business it was to make night horrible, and the general belief, among some poor ignorant ones, was that in the daytime those same ghouls earned a scanty livelihood by ringing the church bells.

How horribly the world changes! They tell me that deafness among the Londoners is on the increase. It may be so, but if it be the reason is not far to seek. Is it not a fact that a nerve, or a muscle, or a sense, which is not exercised, tends to perish? What one has no use for soon becomes useless. Will someone kindly put that into physiological language for me? If this be so, is it to be wondered at that "the man in the street" is himself dull of hearing? The fact is, in the Metropolis the growth of silence is getting deafening. What has become of all those "London cries" which people actually used to write

chap-books upon half a century or so ago? Odd little, vulgar little catchpenny booklings, with coloured prints of men, women, and children, their mouths all open, and carrying baskets of sprouts or "brandy-balls and lollipops" (I remember the man with the "Lawly-lawly-lawly-pops, oh!" He had a basket-tray before him and a white apron), or mint and sage and lavender? The lavender must have been perennial, for so much was made of it in the cry, which was euphonically printed as "Lov-loven-loven-mint and loven-der!" As for the "Bayer, oh!" that has utterly vanished since the beaver hats have disappeared. But I believe the "Old Clo" still continues in some aristocratic quarters where there are *airys*, and superfluous garments abound and must be got rid of somehow. What rant and cant this agitation for putting down London cries is! Those accursed boys, to be sure, are obtrusive, especially when

aforesaid human creatures; and yet the hush of that house is absolutely depressing. One never hears a footfall along the passages, the maids move about like ghosts, a majority of the waiters speak only in broken English and modestly shrink from betraying their nationality. From the street outside comes never a word, a cry, a rattle; the wheels never jolt over the stones, for there are no stones. In the drawing-room the guests were sleeping, or writing, or working; two pairs at the opposite ends of the heavily carpeted saloon were spooning, but they did it in the language of signs and whispers; there was an inaudible eloquence in that speech of theirs. In the dining-room I could not help speaking below my breath. At one of the tables a man and his two girls were having a late dinner. Clearly they had had a day of it. One in the joy of her young heart—bless her!—said something to her sister,

and they both began to laugh happily. I looked at them with wild amazement, for I had become persuaded that I had strayed into a church where talking is not allowed. The two felt the stern rebuke, and ceased their merriment, and became at once demurely serious. Ghostly forms glided in—more silently attended; they pointed to the bill of fare; the viands came and were consumed. Once a champagne cork went off with a loud explosion. Everybody was shocked: the bungling waiter blushed with confusion, as if he had been guilty of a sin; he was betrayed into the indiscretion of flicking his napkin at the table; from the master of the ceremonies came an awful beckon. He slunk away to some lower region. I retired to my room; the click of turning on the electric light came to me like a report. I was only on the second floor. I looked out, and there was a procession of phantoms in perpetual motion, but never a sound of a going. In the night I was awakened by the mere dead stillness. We in the wilderness are not accustomed to this kind of thing. We hear owls and nightjars, beetles banging against the windows; sometimes that rippling ravishment of ecstasy when the night-gale pours forth her amorous rapture, and the heart is troubled with too much joy; sometimes an excited and belated reveller trolls "a careless, careless, tavern catch" as he jogs homeward, heedless of the police, breaking off with a cheery bellow of "Good-night, gov'nor!" as he sees my light in the window; and sometimes we hear the unmistakable gallop of the messenger for the doctor, and then the doctor's quick trot on his way to some near neighbour, it may be, and we ask will it be life or death? and we turn and sleep. But that overwhelming, overmastering hush in the great hotel was perplexing—it was awful—it was incomprehensible. How was it managed? But it doesn't end there. I notice that in the omnibuses no one talks. If you begin conversation, you are suspected of being a pickpocket. If you take a hansom, you get in, take your seat, and address the cabby through the hole in the roof. What are you all coming to, you London folk? Deafness on the increase among you? Suppose it should come to this in a generation or two—that dumbness should increase also? Ah! There we come upon a prospect too alluring, too enchanting. What a dream—the dream of a world where there should be no long speeches and no bunkum-talkers, and no listeners to encourage the semi-extinct masters of gabble!



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A GORDON HIGHLANDER.

The Prince of Wales was on June 10 appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Gordon Highlanders.

they know that the last edition of an evening paper is only a hoax. But to put down all the street organs is downright cruelty.

The other day I found myself—not for the first time, by any means—at the Great Eastern Hotel. I verily believe it is the quietest house in the wide world. Has anybody ever been to Aleppo? I met a man once who swore he had been there, and told me it was an awfully silent place. I didn't believe him, for there was no occasion for him to swear, and also because I remembered that the witch in "Macbeth" intended shortly to *swail* there, and my man, again, swore he had to get there by land. But Aleppo or no Aleppo, there is a quieter spot than that in the very heart of London. At the back of it there is the railway, with those ceaseless trains rolling morning, noon, and night; those mighty streams of millions of human creatures coming, going, surging—for ever on the move. In front there is the ceaseless current of cabs, trams, and omnibuses, and every variety of fantastic vehicles; and inside there are, for the most part, at least a couple of hundred of the

ing off with a cheery bellow of "Good-night, gov'nor!" as he sees my light in the window; and sometimes we hear the unmistakable gallop of the messenger for the doctor, and then the doctor's quick trot on his way to some near neighbour, it may be, and we ask will it be life or death? and we turn and sleep. But that overwhelming, overmastering hush in the great hotel was perplexing—it was awful—it was incomprehensible. How was it managed? But it doesn't end there. I notice that in the omnibuses no one talks. If you begin conversation, you are suspected of being a pickpocket. If you take a hansom, you get in, take your seat, and address the cabby through the hole in the roof. What are you all coming to, you London folk? Deafness on the increase among you? Suppose it should come to this in a generation or two—that dumbness should increase also? Ah! There we come upon a prospect too alluring, too enchanting. What a dream—the dream of a world where there should be no long speeches and no bunkum-talkers, and no listeners to encourage the semi-extinct masters of gabble!



HALF-HOLIDAY.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In her interesting "Mémoires," Madame de Campan tells us that when Czarevitch Paul (afterwards Paul I.) came to France in 1782, Louis XVI. asked him one day if it was true that he could not trust a single person of his suite. Although the question was put in the presence of a numerous company, the answer was immediate. "I should be sorry to think," replied Paul, "that I had a faithful poodle among my following, for I feel certain that I should not leave Paris without the poor animal being flung into the Seine with a stone round its neck—and this by order of my august mother." We all know what a miserable end was that of Paul himself, and shortly after his assassination by Pahlen and his accomplices, George III. sent the well-known Count Munster as Hanoverian Minister to St. Petersburg. This very worthy and most upright diplomatist—the grandfather, I believe, of the late German Ambassador to the Court of St. James—was positively horror-stricken at the unconcern with which he was conducted over the scene of the crime, and told all the particulars by an influential member of the Court party. His horror, in fact, was so plainly discernible that the amateur cicerone considered it necessary to apologise for his cold bloodedness by ascribing it to the prevailing system of government rather than to his own want of feeling. "Very sad indeed, your Excellency," remarked Count Munster's guide; "but regicide is our Magna Charta. Ours is an autocracy tempered by assassination."

The mode of tempering the great charter was invariably the same—strangulation—and if that did not do its work quickly enough, the sword. Peter III. perished by means of a napkin flung around his neck by Prince Borjatinski, Paul I. by a scarf applied in a similar fashion by Skariatine and Count Nikolai Zubov. Ivan VI. was done to death at Schlüsselburg by the swords of Vlassiev and Tschekine, officers both, who acted upon "higher orders." In all three cases the "business" was practically accomplished behind the scenes and by aristocratic or semi-aristocratic hands. Alexander II. was virtually the first Russian monarch murdered "on the scene" itself, and by plebeians. It was because at the time of the first three crimes Russia had not wholly emerged from the state of barbarism; Court intrigues did as yet not rely for regicidal denouements on the more refined but more covert methods of a Montecuculi, a Catherine de Medici, or an Olympia Mancini.

And now comes the news from Bucharest of the discovery of a plot to kill the Czaritsa. She showed signs of slow poisoning by arsenic, which it is stated was administered every morning in a cup of chocolate by one of her ladies-in-waiting. "The Czaritsa," adds the correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company, "is very unpopular, and frequently referred to as 'the German.'"

What else should she be but German? With the exception of one Danish Princess, the Czars and Russian Grand Dukes have, to go back no farther than nearly two centuries, married only German Princesses. It is most doubtful whether until very recently any but German Sovereigns or even Princes would have cared to bestow the hands of their daughters upon the so-called descendants of the Romanoffs. Exactly a century after the death of the first imported German Princess, poor Charlotte Christine of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, the wife of Alexis, Peter the Great's Russian son, Alexander I. was still perfectly cognisant of this reluctance on the part of the non-Germanic rulers of Europe. At the Congress of Vienna, Alexander advocated the maintenance of the many small States of Germany, because those numberless petty Courts "provided the material for suitable marriages for the Russian Grand Dukes and Duchesses." I should have liked to publish Freiherr von Stein's unvarnished answer to this, but I dare not. "I was not aware," he said, "that your Majesty intended to convert Germany into a Russian marriage market!" For the last word of the sentence the reader himself must substitute the real one.

After all, Russians should remember that it was a German Princess who most thoroughly continued the work of Peter the Great, and that the conditions of her "importation on approval" were such as would have been scornfully rejected, not only by a European Princess, or a female member of the aristocracy of any other nationality than German, but by a simple middle-class girl, decently bred and with a moderate consciousness of her own dignity. On the other hand, the Germans have, perhaps, only themselves to thank for this contemptuous reference to their country. The Russian marriages constitute a most unsavoury chapter of the history of the German Courts. Neither Lutheranism nor princely pride shows particularly well under the powerful lens of the student of history. It is therefore best to say as little as possible with regard to the result of such an examination, even if one excludes from the diagnosis the presence of slow poison alleged to have been administered to a young Princess who was literally, and not figuratively, the Czar's own choice, and who was hailed by his subjects at large as "English" and not as "German."

In our issue of June 23 it should have been noted that the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones's picture "The Star of Bethlehem" is the exclusive property of the Corporation of Birmingham, in whose hands the copyright is. The commission for "The Star of Bethlehem," it is interesting to recall, was the first ever given to an English artist by a municipality for a picture for its permanent collection.

Considerable interest has been aroused in commercial circles by the sale of the Wilsons and Furness-Leyland steamers. The disposal of the five magnificent steamers composing this fleet is one of the biggest shipping "deals" London has seen. It means the end of competition in the London and New York service, and a monopoly for an existing company.

At the National Rose Society's annual show this year's display of blooms has amply sustained the previous fine record of these exhibitions.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
 Q. C. MACLEAREN (Edinburgh).—If Black reply with R to K 4th, how is mate to be given? The problem, however, is altogether too weak.
 F. C. D. (Corrections) duly to hand, with thanks.
 WALTER WARRING.—Thanks; it shall receive attention.
 P. H. WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—We are glad to hear from you again.
 H. G. LAWS.—We are very pleased to receive your note and contributions. We hope to publish one of the problems at an early date.
 H. M. SUTTON (Streatham).—The solution is 1. Q to Kt sq.
 L. D. RANGES.—Safely to hand with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2820 and 2822 received from C. M. (Penang); of No. 2825 from Charles Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2826 from G. Lill (Gringley) and Edward J. Sharpe; of No. 2827 from Francis Barton (Liverpool), S. S. S. (Southampton), C. E. Perugini, T. C. D. (Dublin), Captain J. A. Challies (Great Yarmouth), J. F. Moon, T. H. Parker (Brighton), and George Stalldgeest Johnson (Cobham).
 CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2828 received from J. F. Moon, F. Bacon (Finchley), R. Nugent (Southwold), Francis Barton (Liverpool), Major W. Nangle (Dublin), M. A. Allen (Portsmouth), Miss D. Gregson, L. Penfold, T. C. D. (Dublin), Dr. F. St. T. Roberts, E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), H. M. W. A. Bernard (Uppingham), A. P. A. (Bath), J. H. H. L. Desanges, W. H. Iawcett (Frislington), T. H. Parker (Brighton), Shadforth, C. E. Perugini, Mrs. Wils. n. (Plymouth), G. Hawkins (Cambridge), S. C. H. (Kenington), F. J. Candy (Norwood), Alpha, Henry Orme (Bristol), M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), E. S. Brandreth (Dunpe), Edith Corner (Reigate), C. Simons, J. D. Tucker (Dilley), T. G. (Ware), H. Le Jeune, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Sorrento, J. Bailey (Newark), R. Womers (Canterbury), John G. Lord (Castleton), and S. Davis (Leicester).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2827.—By W. PERCY HIND.

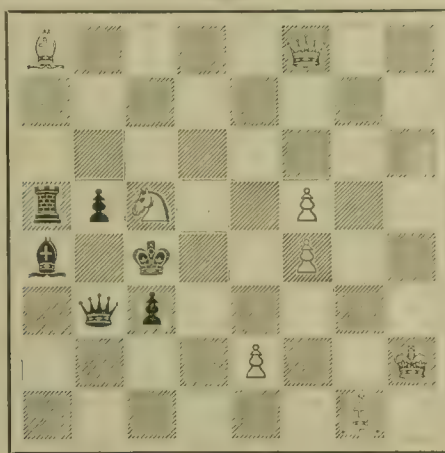
WHITE.
 1. Q to B 8th
 2. Q to B 6th (ch)
 3. B to B 6th

BLACK.
 K to Q 5th
 K takes Q

If Black reply 1. K to B 5th; 2. Q to K B 8th; and if 1. Kt takes B, then 2. Q to B 2nd (ch); K moves; 3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 2830.—By A. G. FELLOWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played in the Tourney between Messrs. SHAWWALTER and CARO.

(Ray Lopez).

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White's Knight. It is an error of judgment for which he has to pay dearly.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. Kt to R 4th	Kt takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	B to Q R 3rd	17. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
4. B to R 4th	P to Q R 4th	18. Kt takes R	then White proceeds with Kt (G 7th) to B 6th, with a fine game.
5. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	19. Kt to K 5th	B to K 4th
6. Castles	P to Kt 3rd	20. Now White begins to gain the upper hand, and the ending is one of the prettiest in the 17th century.	
7. P to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
8. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
9. P takes P	P to Q 3rd		
We would suggest instead Kt to K 2nd. That move follows next, but in variations of the French to P to Q 3rd is not often good until later in the game.			
10. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd		
11. B to Kt 3rd	P to R 3rd		
12. B to K R 4th	Q to Q 2nd		
13. P to R 4th	P to Kt 5th		
14. Kt to Q 5th	P to Kt 4th		
15. B to Kt 5th	P to Kt 4th		
16. B to Kt 5th	P to Kt 4th		
17. B to Kt 5th	P to Kt 4th		
18. P to Kt 4th	R to Q Kt sq		
19. P to Kt 4th	R to Q Kt sq		
Up to this point the opening is the same as the game between Talbot and Tarrasch. Black's reply is undoubtedly safer than the move there adopted.			
20. P takes P	B takes P		
21. P takes P	B to K 3rd		
22. P to B 3rd	B to Q B 4th		
23. Q to K 2nd	Castles		

Another game in the same Tourney between Messrs. LIPKE and MARCO.

(Ray Lopez).

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. R to B 2nd	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	15. P to Kt 4th	R to Kt 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	A curious and unfortunate move, the effects of which are only seen later. B to K 2nd is actually more defensive, and would have prevented the subsequent	
5. Castles	Kt takes P	16. Q to Q 5th	P to Kt 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	17. B to Kt 5th	
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	The best reply Black can now make only postpones defeat. The ending is curious.	
8. P to Kt 4th	R to Q Kt sq	18. Q to Q 2nd	B takes B
9. P to Kt 4th	R to Q Kt sq	19. B to B 6th	R to K 2nd
10. P to Kt 4th	R to Q Kt sq	20. Kt to R 4th	Resigns.

The difficult task of finding a successor to the late Mr. Rayner as the problem editor of the *British Chess Magazine* has been happily overcome by the appointment of Mr. B. G. Laws to the post, and we congratulate our contemporary on his excellent choice.

On Saturday, July 2, the London Irish Rifles held their annual inspection in Hyde Park. There was a full muster of the two battalions. The corps included signallers and cyclists. Major-General Kelly Kenny was the inspecting officer.

A pleasant incident occurred during the progress of the recent musical festival at Hovingham. The opening concert happened to fall on the birthday evening of Dr. Joachim, who was taking part in all the concerts, so the distinguished musician was presented with a silver bowl and loving-cup. A birthday ode, written by the Dean of York and composed by Mr. T. Noble, was sung in Dr. Joachim's honour.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Since my last jotting on new discoveries in respect of the composition of the atmosphere, my readers will probably have noted that Professor Ramsay is still successfully pursuing his researches. In the first instance, he has found reasons for the belief that argon is not itself an element, but a compound; while in the second place, two new constituents, "neon" and "metargon," appear on the scene. The latter body is described as being a solid at the temperature of boiling air. The name "metargon" indicates its relationship to argon of the new body. It was practically obtained by freezing argon, and it is added that metargon bears to argon itself much the same relation that nickel does to cobalt. These researches into a field of physico-chemical science constitute the most important contribution to that field of inquiry which late years have beheld. That which will be even more interesting to the public will be the later determination of the relationship which the new elements or bodies possess to existing ones, and especially to the blanks which are patent in the list of the elementary bodies whereof not only our own world and "other worlds than ours," but even our own bodies are composed.

From time to time in this column I have drawn attention to new books dealing with scientific topics, in the hope that my readers would be interested in such works. My correspondence confirms the belief that such hints are welcome, and in pursuance of this idea I am glad to announce the publication of a valuable work by my friend Dr. W. W. Ireland, on "The Mental Affections of Children." On this topic Dr. Ireland, who is head of a large establishment for the care and education of imbecile children, is well qualified to write. His book contains many a suggestive page, but that which is likely to interest the general reader in the highest degree, is a chapter on "Wolf-Boys." Therein Dr. Ireland holds an inquiry into the stories of children being fostered by wild beasts. Legends having this idea for their central figure are not uncommon. From the Romulus and Remus epoch, onwards to Rudyard Kipling himself, the world has heard of wondrous tales of children suckled by animals, and especially by wolves. Certain it is that children have strayed in the woods, and have survived, living a life but little removed from that of their lower mammalian neighbours. Dr. Ireland gives the case of a girl caught at Soigny, near Châlons, in 1731. She was afterwards called Leblanc. At first mute, she learned to talk and give details of her forest life. She is said to have long retained a habit of sucking blood and eating raw flesh.

In 1708 there was another capture, this time at Cuame in Aveyron. The subject was a wild boy, who was taken by sportsmen and brought to Paris. There Dr. Itard, physician to the Deaf and Dumb Institution, attempted to educate him; but it was found the boy was an idiot. This latter fact possibly explains other, if not all, of the incidents of "wolf-boys." They are children of defective intellect who have been let loose, as it were, in nature, and who have contrived to support themselves in a manner as primitive as that of the beasts. The idea of a wolf nursing an infant, as Dr. Ireland points out, is not one easy to entertain. Even a mother wolf who had lost her cubs, and in whom the maternal instinct of suckling was strong, can hardly be conceived to be capable of acting as foster-mother to a child. It might be different with domesticated animals. A she goat is said to have nursed a child; this incident being related by Procopius in his "Gothic War." Even if we find strange foster-mothers in the animal world, it is a "far cry" from the animal to the human estate, and the infant is not as hardly by any means "as the beasts that perish." But in India "wolf-boy" stories are plentiful; hence Kipling's "Jungle Book." Dr. Ireland gives accounts of the Indian boys who were found associating with wolves, only whenever there have been such cases, they prove on investigation to be either idiotic children probably abandoned, or at least to be children of weak intellect. In one case there was actual fraud. This was the instance of a "wolf-boy" who was taken to Lucknow Lunatic Asylum. He was described by Dr. Whishaw of that institution as "an impostor," having been "made up to get money under false pretences." Dr. Whishaw adds that he does not believe there has ever been an instance of a child brought up by wolves, and he cannot understand how anybody can believe in such a thing. "The majority of wolf-boys are idiots, taken by their parents and left near some distant police-station." All the same, the very existence of the legends is an interesting fact. They form a topic which is attractive, especially to the student of folklore.

Some discussion has taken place of late days in connection with the use of rhubarb as an article of diet in rheumatism. I can find little authoritative reference to the subject in books on diet. The use of rhubarb in kidney troubles is certainly contra-indicated, because rhubarb contains oxalate of lime, and for gouty persons it is regarded as inadvisable for a similar reason. In gout it is considered that rhubarb may tend to increase or to favour the production of uric acid, which, of course, is the gouty poison. But doctors differ; and spinach, which also affords oxalic acid, and tomatoes, that contain it but in small quantity, are allowed to figure in the gouty man's diet-list. At a recent meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, Dr. Luff read an interesting paper on the minerals of vegetables with reference to gout. The general result of his investigation is that the minerals in spinach, Brussels sprouts, French beans, winter cabbage, turnip-tops, turnips, and celery are all beneficial to the gouty person. Their minerals act chemically in preventing the deposition of gouty matter in the tissues, and spinach is said to occupy the foremost place in the list in respect of this action. These researches are interesting because they lead us nearer to the reason why a vegetable diet should benefit a gouty man. In other words, science comes to explain the meaning of a practice which, dating from very early periods, was founded entirely on empirical data.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

If the cruel uncertainties of weather have not permitted us to be as diaphanous out of doors as we would have thought desirable this season, we can, at least, rejoice our souls and adorn our bodies to the last degree of ephemeral filmy airiness by adopting for evening wear those delightful hand-painted chiffons which Paris has been pressing on our notice for weeks past. The Arctic temperature under



A CHARMING DRESS.

which we have so far languished has been certainly more suggestive of musquash than muslin. Still hope, in hot weather, springs eternal in the optimistic feminine constitution, and in view of these delicious-looking garlanded mousselines one is really unable to consider any other course except that which leads to wearing them. By favour of a fine day, two appeared at Lady Kelvin's afternoon at the Imperial Institute on Wednesday. One, a pale green silk muslin, painted with trails of smilax and Allen Richardson roses; the other white, with a design of Louis Quinze bows in blue and tiny pink rose-buds. A most successful party this, by the way, tea being served on the terrace, and the gardens to walk about in. The Institute has its uses after all!

Most of the well-gowned women who "did" Henley this week were noticeably accompanied by elaborate carriage or race-cloaks as well, and in view of the alarming prognostications for July, atmospherically speaking, it was as well. All of these smart dust-cloaks owned trains to match our prolonged effects in frocks. Very light beige silk, almost approaching white, is considered the latest form, a wide guipure collar mounted on orange silk concluding the effect in one or two cases most acceptably.

The "clinging" skirt of early season wear now, by order of La Mode, clings no more. The flounce *en forme* still, indeed, prevails, but more widened and scoloped. To get the proper fantail effect, a double-shaped flounce in stiff pleated taffetas underlies the separate lining, thus making three skirts in all to the modish costume—thus, for example, beneath the black taffetas underskirt or a steel-embroidered net gown went an accordion-pleated knee-deep flounce of cherry silk, which immensely added to the "set" of a ravishing costume. It is an extravagant fashion, perhaps, but accomplishes its intention with great success, more than can be said for all our expensive experiments.

Verily, the bargain-hunters are having a saturnalia this month. Never were "reductions" so absolute and universal, and the unjustifiably bad weather which has set at nought so many plans of pleasure and profit has heaped the tradesman's counters with an unsold surplus which now, during this month of July, must be, to use the parlance of commerce, "cleared at any cost." At Peter Robinson's, in particular, all kinds of fascinating wares are marked down to the vanishing-point of price, and when it is noted, as an example, that extravagantly built costumes and tea-gowns of the utmost fascination are being sacrificed at one-fourth, and even less, of their original figures, some idea may be gained of the possibilities thrown open to the eternal feminine of barter and bargain loving ilk. Smart opera-cloaks in uncountable variety—always satisfactory purchases—have been incontinently marked down to most inadequate equivalents. The same may be said of an immense stock of silks, brocades, and satins, which remain unsold after the summer season. The smart silk petticoat of our inevitable daily needs can be negotiated

for at a humble half-sovereign and upwards, while quantities of valuable furs, mantles, and otherwise are to be given at far below their original cost. Nor would these memoranda be complete without an added note of exclamation over the holocaust of dainty millinery—hats and bonnets being disposed of at figures impossibly inadequate to their merits.

As if the weather fiend, moreover, were not sufficiently justified of his destructive intentions, heavy thunderstorms made havoc of muslins and chiffons on Thursday at Lords, when even the Eleven were temporarily washed off the ground, and I saw at least one diaphanous chiffon frock reduced to a limp and lustreless pulp, for nothing looks so dejected as summer finery after a good soaking shower. The afternoon cleared shortly, however, and turned out most enjoyable, except to the before-mentioned owners of these discredited gauzes. The coaches carried gay parties of brave and fair—Mr. Chandos Leigh with a large party being amongst hosts of the Coaching Club enclosure. The Nimrod Club tent was in much request by the hunting contingent. The Duke of Somerset, Colonel Rumsey, Mr. Foster, and Lord St. Maur being amongst those who had each a party at tea-time. A rival attraction on Friday was the rose fête, which, admirably organised and supported, was held at the Portman Rooms in aid of the Dumb Friends' League, an institution which does such excellent work in alleviating the condition of our trusty though much-tried friends—dogs, horses, and dumb animals generally.

One of the pleasant ways of spending a morning hour for those interested in the artistic domesticities is to see some modern copies of ancient silken stuffs of which Messrs. Collinson and Lock, of 78, Oxford Street, have a wonderful store. Italian, French, and Spanish brocades, woven faithfully in the colouring and pattern of their respective centuries, charm the cultured sense of beauty with their possibilities for draperies, curtains, chair-coverings, and not least, the greatly revived fashion of wall-papelling; and there is, perhaps, no centre in London where artistic accuracy of detail and texture is so faithfully preserved as by this old-established firm of "house plenishers." All these beautiful stuffs are English made, and from the purity of material employed are guaranteed to wear and preserve their colourings in a way that artificially weighted foreign silks have lost the habit of doing. Amongst them a dull green Venetian brocade with blots of pink and amber roses was especially delightful, and, in different manner, an Adams design for panellings with dull yellow stripes on faintest pink. One gorgeous brocade, reminding one of mediæval vestments, was in oxidised silver on a dull soft golden yellow, and with the vivid pigeon's-blood tint of another, a crimson drawing-room might be achieved lovely beyond the dreams of the decorator. For all these exclusive and exquisite designs, wall-papers of great artistic merit have been prepared which either match or contrast, while in the various rooms devoted to furniture one can apply the word unique to almost every article that adorns them. Even sideboards, which are ordinarily ugly if useful, grasp both sides of the question at Collinson and Lock's, and are not less decorative than otherwise dependable. Screens, couches, and all the endless paraphernalia of the house beautiful, bear the hall-mark of cultivated taste as well as conscientious workmanship, and it would be difficult not alone for the connoisseur bent on his fascinating quest of collection, but the more ordinary well-placed young couple with a house on the horizon, to make better choice, since here there are practically no limitations to both art and excellence.

SYBIL.

NOTES.

Professional musicians are raising a moan of sadness as to the number of charity concerts that this season has brought forth. It is no great matter for a lady to lend her drawing-room for a concert, and then she receives the credit of a wonderful exertion for a charity, whilst the real donors are the poor artists who have been asked to contribute their services gratuitously. Or, if the concert is at a really smart house, the leading singers of the day will go and give their free services for the sake of the advertisement, and the professional of a lower standard sees the money that should have made her a happy woman after her "annual concert" diverted to other channels by this unfair and unapproachable competition. The fact is that, in the musical world, the stress of competition grows heavier each year, since the great schools have taken to receiving at low fees and turning out on the world hundreds of poor and ambitious musicians. It is now, probably, the most overcrowded of all occupations, and rich women ought invariably to remunerate the singers at their parties or charity concerts.

I was not aware when I wrote last week, but I was promptly informed, that the Senior Wrangler of this year has his "heredity" from both sides. His mother was a distinguished student of Newnham in its early days. Perhaps the reason why clever men often have had dull sons is that the mothers were not selected so as to increase the inheritance of power. Now that a man may have both a mathematical father and mother, we shall have a chance of judging the true power of hereditary influence, as in Mr. Hudson's case.

When we turn our holiday-making steps towards Switzerland, and leave there some forty or fifty pounds of our money for each month of our individual sojourn, we have perhaps some feeling of being benefactors to the inhabitants of that picturesque but poor region. That, even with that help from a richer part of the earth's service, the Swiss are poor, no one can doubt who sees them scraping the thin soil of the mountain sides high in the air, or even toiling up the mountains laden with baskets of soil to improve the arid and rocky earth on which they try to grow their food. But the Swiss are apparently getting—dear me! I can think of nothing but slang to express it—getting "upish," "too big for their boots," and so on. The British Foreign Office has issued a notice in compliance with a request from the Swiss authorities that it is

desirable for anybody who contemplates a stay in Switzerland to be provided with a passport, or else perhaps he will not be permitted to remain; and another document, from the Swiss Federal Government, strikes specifically at the rumbling cyclist, who is advised that after this summer he will have to encounter a netting of red tape as well calculated to encourage his entrance into the country as a scarecrow is to entice the birds to the corn. He must belong to a recognised cycling club; and he must have a "carte de légitimation," on which his photograph, his signature, his full name, address, and profession are inscribed, together with a description of the machine, the maker's name, the registered number, and the signature of the chairman of the club! Breath fails one to comment. One just thinks of Jeshurun, which "waxed fat and kicked."

Princess Christian visited the East End last week in order to give the prizes to their winners at the match-girls' club in connection with Messrs. Bryant and May's factory. There seems to be a general impression that match-making is a fatal occupation, followed by unhealthy and wretched girls dying of poison and swollen with toothache. It is a perilous trade to some extent, no doubt, like many others; but the girls are as jolly and healthy-looking a set on the whole as can be wished for—rough and unrefined, but respectable, and wholesome and happy as a body. Like most persons engaged in dangerous occupations, men or women, it is difficult to get them to take the trouble to observe the precautions—such as thorough washing before eating—that are necessary for their own safety. The Institute is a great source of pleasure to them. A young lady of my acquaintance, an M.P.'s daughter, goes to play the violin to them almost weekly; and many other ladies help in their entertainments and in various educational classes. The Princess was informed by Mr. Bartholomew, the treasurer, that the club had carried off numerous prizes in the Factory Helpers' Union, and that the Temperance Society was particularly flourishing, one hundred and eighty-five pledges being taken last year.

Let us hope that not many women need the warning issued by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals against allowing dogs to run after bicycles. It is to be feared that some may need it, for I grieve to say that it is notorious among men connected with horses that women are often cruel in riding and driving. It fact, it is only a few weeks ago that I received a letter from a groom begging me to write something possibly to meet the eye of his mistress—she being a subscriber to the *News*—that might make her realise the cruelty of spurring her horse. The man declared that he often felt ready to cry for the little mare on seeing the state in which she came home, and he could not believe that the lady ever realised what she did with her spur, so he hoped that if she were told to be more careful in this indirect way, she might take more thought "when she was getting excited." I feel no doubt that the letter was genuine, but in any case it is, alas! certainly an often-needed



A HANDSOME WALKING COSTUME.

remonstrance, and may it be taken to heart if any of my fair readers have been so "thoughtless." Then there is the dog question. The S.P.C.A. declare that they have actual instances of dogs following till they dropped down and died; taken far from home, they dared not give up, and literally ran themselves to death. Hundreds of others are lost in country places by reason of careless riders outrunning on the wheel the keenest possible pursuit of the panting and wretched follower. It must, therefore, be taught to the public that a dog cannot long keep up with a bicycle, and should not be taken out with it except for a short run.

F. F.-M.



GOOD FOR CHINA! "WEI-HAI-WEI!!!"

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WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 16, 1898) of Mrs. Emma Bowring, of Molebank, East Molesey, and Pitt House, Moretonhamstead, Devon, who died on May 13, has been proved by Thomas Benjamin Bowring and Henry Edward Bowring, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £211,361. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to her daughter-in-law, Annie Kinsman Bowring, and her sons-in-law, Robert Skimming and Frederick Mordant Toms; and her leasehold house, Molebank, with the furniture and household effects therein, to her son Henry Edward. She gives and devises Pitt House to her daughter Emmeline Susan Toms; other land at Moretonhamstead known as Boro-hay Meadow to her daughter Fanny Charlotte Skimming; and her share in lands and premises at St. John's Harbour, Newfoundland, to her son Thomas Benjamin. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her four children.



H.M.S. "CAMBRIDGE" CHALLENGE CUP.

This silver cup has been presented by the officers of H.M.S. Cambridge for annual competition at the Western District Rifle Meeting. The cup, which was designed and executed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street, supports a statuette of a Bluejacket in the "ready" position. On one side is a representation of H.M.S. Cambridge, and on the other a view of H.M.S. Magnificent.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 10, 1896) of Sir William Fraser, K.C.B., D.C.L., formerly Deputy-Keeper of the Records of Scotland, of 32, Castle Street, Edinburgh, who died on March 18, granted to James Balfour Paul and James Craik, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on June 29, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £104,728.

The will (dated March 16, 1898) of Sir Robert Rawlinson, K.C.B., of Lancaster Lodge, 11, The Boltons, West

Brompton, who died on May 31, was proved on June 27 by Carl Gustav Frohlich and Samuel Rawlinson, the executors, the value of the estate being £83,750. The testator bequeaths £1000; his leasehold house and the furniture and household effects therein, to his wife, Lady Ruth Rawlinson; £250 each to his executors; £500 to Thomas Henry Vials, and £250 to Edmund Petley. He devises and gives two freehold and two leasehold houses at Liverpool to his wife's brother Allen Swallow, for life, and then to George Swallow. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease as to one moiety thereof as she shall by will or codicil appoint, and as to the other moiety, £1000 to the Institution of Civil Engineers and the remainder thereof to St. Thomas's Hospital.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1891), with three codicils (dated Dec. 15, 1891; Oct. 10, 1892; and April 16, 1893), of Mr. Frederic Hitchcock, of Weeke, near Winchester, who died on May 3, was proved on June 15 by Percy John Vardon and Charles Henry Carter, the executors, the value of the estate being £78,946. The testator gives £7000 to his nephew Colonel Thomas Burnett Hitchcock; £2000 to his nephew Arthur Hitchcock; £3000 to his niece Ann Augusta Howard; £2500 each to his nieces Gertrude Le Lievre Hitchcock, Agnes Maria Hitchcock, Edith Caroline Hitchcock, Florence Maud Hitchcock, Adèle Jane Hitchcock, and Ann Hitchcock; £3000 to his nephew the Rev. Herbert Hitchcock; £2000, upon trust, for Gertrude Vardon and her children; £2000 each to his nephews Stanley Vardon, Harry Vardon, and Percy John Vardon, and his niece Alice; and many other legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He devises certain lands and premises at Weeke to his nephew Thomas Burnett Hitchcock. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third thereof each to his nephews Thomas Burnett and Arthur, and one third between his nieces Gertrude, Agnes Marie, Edith Caroline, Florence Maud, Adèle Jane, and Ann.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1892) of the Hon. John Aubrey Vivian, J.P., D.L., of Parc le Breos, near Swansea, who died on March 1 at 3, Cadogan Gardens, was proved on June 24 by Lord Swansea, the brother, and one of the next-of-kin, the gross value of the estate being £39,114 and the net personal £12,858. The testator gives certain silver plate to his aunt, Miss Dulcie Charlotte Vivian; the jewellery of his deceased mother to his half-sisters Violet and Averil Vivian; £1000 to his valet, Henry Jones, if in his employ at the time of his death; an annuity of £100 to his nurse, Jane Williams, and £100 to his godson, Gordon Craig. The residue of his property he leaves to his father, but he, having died in his (testator's) lifetime, it passes to his next-of-kin, according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

The Irish probate of the will (dated June 9, 1897), with two codicils (dated June 29 and Aug. 5, 1897), of the Right Hon. Chichester Samuel, Baron Carlingford, K.P., P.C., of Ravensdale Park, Louth, and Chewton Priory, Bath, who

died on Jan. 30, granted to Henry Chichester Tisdall and James McMurtrie, the executors, was resealed in London on June 25, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £69,196. The testator gives £2000 to his niece Harriet Urquhart; £1000 to his nephew David Urquhart; £1000 to James McMurtrie; £1000 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Chewton Mendip, upon trust, to apply the income in keeping up the churchyard, the clock in the church and the monument erected to his deceased wife, Frances, Countess Waldegrave, and specific gifts of furniture, pictures, books, etc., to relatives. He devises his property in Ireland to his nephew Francis Urquhart, but charged with the payment of annuities amounting to £660 per annum. The residue of his property he leaves to his niece Margaret Ann Tyrrell.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1881) of the Right Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole, P.C., of The Hall, Ealing, and the Carlton Club, who died on May 22, was proved on June 24 by Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B., and Sir Horatio George Walpole, K.C.B., the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £38,664. The testator gives The Hall, with the furniture, plate, pictures, etc., therein, to his son Spencer; and £2000 to his daughter, Isabella Margaretta Elizabeth Heathcote. The residue of his property he leaves between his three children.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1892), with a codicil (dated Jan. 5, 1893), of General Henry James Stannus, C.B., of the United Service Club, Pall Mall, who died on May 30, was proved on June 23 by Captain Ashley Mackenzie, the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £34,506. The testator gives the income of £7000 to his daughter Florence Lizzie Stannus for life, and subject thereto he leaves all his property between his daughters Mrs. Alice Caroline Mackenzie and Mabel Sophie Stannus.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1893), with two codicils (dated Aug. 24, 1896, and Nov. 23, 1897), of Sir Henry Lushington, Bart., of Aspenden Hall, Buntingford, Herts, who died on March 15, was proved on June 24 by Dame Elizabeth Lushington, the widow, Sir Arthur Patrick Douglas Lushington, the son, and George Bennett Clark, the executors, the value of the estate in the United Kingdom

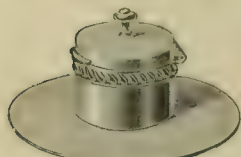


LONDON SCOTTISH PRESENTATION.

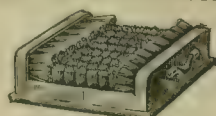
A model of a private of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers has recently been presented to the F Company by Lieut. W. M. Gray, on his retirement from the regiment. The figure, modelled in solid silver, was manufactured by Mappin Brothers, Regent Street and Cheap-side.

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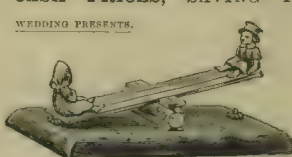
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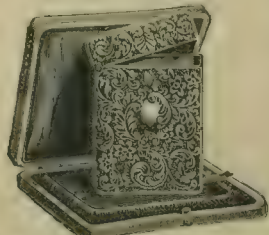
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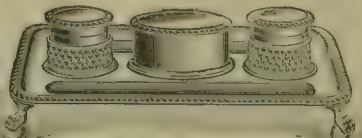
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being £10,459. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, subject to the payment at her decease of £3000 to his daughter, Miss Emily Lushington, and while a spinster the income of 125 shares in the Bengal Bank and his securities in the Indian Government Funds. Should the joint income of his wife and daughter not be £1400 per annum, then he charges the Aspenden settled estates with the payment of such a sum, not exceeding £150 per annum, as will make up that annual sum.

A HAMPSHIRE TROUT STREAM.

BY W. EARL HOBSON.

"Well, here's the river," said Barratt, our host, when at length, after a two hours' journey from Waterloo and quarter of an hour's drive from the railway-station, we reached the little fishing-house. "River" was a large word to apply to the water which we beheld. In fact, the brook was little more than a ditch. A yard and a half wide, it was full of weeds, over the thick green beds of which water gushed three inches deep. One bank was fringed by a thick hedge; the other, by barbed wire. It was not easy to maintain a cheerful countenance. How the deuce was one to throw a fly amid circumstances so absurd? If the fly did by chance fall upon the water, how were the weeds to be dodged? Many of the beds were so luxuriant that they were higher than the surface of the water. Then, where were the trout? Not one was to be seen. "Try a Mellish's Nondescript," said B. blithely, handing a few flies of that type to myself and a few to the other guest. The Nondescript was a fearsome sight. With grouse wings, claret body, and black hackle, it was a fly as large as a wise man seeking sea-trout in a brawling Scotch flood would think of using at the high noon of summer. It would, I was sure, put to flight any trout within whose ken it swam. Furtively, therefore, I put on a cast of my own choosing. There was not much consideration in the act of choice; and, indeed, the flies, of which there were four, looked ridiculous. Not quite so large or so coarse as the Nondescript, they were yet larger than any I had fished with for brown trout in a river. They had sufficed for a wind-swept loch in the Highlands a week before. "Stroll up about half a mile, and then fish to the boundary," said B.; and off I went, relieved at the thought of being able to nurse my disappointment in solitude. The other man, a County Councillor, was to go down to the rhododendrons at the west end of the two-mile stretch. B. was to potter about in the neighbourhood of the fishing-house. All of us were to meet for luncheon under an oak-tree a quarter of a mile up the stream.

Never had I set forth after trout with more misgiving. It was difficult even to walk by that weird stream. The grass on the meadows was so high that it was impossible to conjecture into what pitfalls one's haphazard steps might lead. Soon I discerned through the thick vegetation a dark line on what should be the surface of the soil. That must be an overgrown path, I thought; and I stepped upon

it, to find myself nearly to the waist in water. The dark line was a primeval drain. There were many more of its kind between me and the place where I was to begin fishing. From some, by keeping a vigilant outlook, I escaped; but I stumbled into most of them. Brilliant as it was, the sunlight did not at all places penetrate far enough into the grass to reveal the dangers that lurked there. In the sweltering heat, insects of all hues and sizes, scarce kept at bay by cigarette smoke, buzzed about one's fevered head abominably. At last I reached the stream again, and to my great astonishment hooked a fish at the first cast. He was lying in a swift shallow under an artificial waterfall; and he weighed a good half-pound. This was encouraging; but the outlook was not so. Above the weir the water was a sluggish dam. That loch flies would raise a trout there, it was impossible to hope. There was not even the feeblest of clouds to temper the sunlight, and the slight breeze was so well kept from the water by the banks that there was no ripple on the dam. Still, there would be no harm in trying. As a matter of fact there was much profit. That dam, which one had looked upon in despair, yielded an hour of the briskest sport I have ever found. The trout came at the flies with an alacrity which was almost alarming. They were not feeding on the real insects. Mayflies, duns of all grades, and the alder were at the very noses of the fish in myriads. They tempted so ineffectually that not a rising fish was to be seen; but the artificial flies had a chance at least once in each six casts.

Beyond the still water, which was about a hundred yards long, the stream was pretty much as I had seen it at the first view. It left its way through narrow channels filled with weeds. Still, there was a square yard or so of open water here and there, and in each of those cases a trout dashed at any of the four flies which came earliest to its notice. By and by I came to another stretch of still water, about 40 ft. wide. It skirted a meadow on which the hay-harvesters were at work. "Any sport?" asked the farmer. "Oh, yes; pretty good." "Who gave you leave to fish here?" said the farmer. "Mr. Barratt. He is tenant of the fishing up to a bridge which I am looking for." "Ah! very odd," said the farmer. "This is my land, and I did not know it. But go on, go on. My son saw a two-pound-and-a-half trout rising in that pool up there." "Sir," said I, recalling the noble speech of the Spanish Admiral setting out to fight the Yankees, "I shall not poach on your lands again unless I can show you that trout. If I cannot, I'll walk east to the nearest station on the way to London." "Don't mention poaching, Sir," said he gracefully; "otherwise, we shall cease to be friends. . . ." The farmer and I are still friends. Within an hour I had the pleasure of conversing with him again. The big trout had taken a deal of killing. He did not leap into the air, to smash the gut by dint of his dead weight in falling; neither was he violent in the water. He cruised about sedately, as who should say, "I am quite used to this game, and you'd better go east without more ado"; but once he came too near the landing-net, and next moment he reposed among

the hay. Why he rose at the fly I cannot tell. A very good fisherman, in whose company I am writing, says that it was probably because trout, which in a state of nature are voracious, like variety in diet, and therefore, in such a stream as B.'s, prefer a monstrosity to a green-drake; but I cannot accept that theory. If I did, I should cast discredit on my own science of fly-fishing, recently expounded elsewhere. I must have another day on that stream before coming to any rash conclusions. What the name of it is I do not know. Neither does Barratt. He took the fishing simply because the gamekeeper in charge of his shooting near at hand told him that there was a fine head of trout in the water, and that the owner wanted to rent it in order to save himself from the bother of granting leave to the many persons who wanted to cast angle in it. All I know of it, beyond what is here set forth, is that the absurd brook is in Hampshire.

Numerous and important additions and improvements in the train service on the London and North Western Railway are announced for the summer months, conspicuous among them being the acceleration of the day expresses between Euston and Dublin (North Wall), which will be altered from 9.30 to leave London at 11 a.m., and Dublin at 10.15 a.m., the arrivals at destinations being the same as now in both cases. The 11 a.m. train conveniently permits of more connections from other parts.

In a week or so the first steam 'buses will commence running from the Marble Arch to Ealing; and very soon the London Steam Omnibus Company will place other similar vehicles in the Metropolis. This is the first step in the right direction, and the great 'bus-riding public cannot fail to appreciate the boon.

The serious problem of the bicycle saddle seems to have come very near solution in the ingenious invention which is meeting with deserved popularity. The "Esmond" saddle is slung from a steel bar, so as to give it not only an automatic longitudinal movement, but a slight rocking movement from side to side. The comfort is great, while the stability and immunity from injurious pressure are most valuable. The Esmond Cycle Co., Hatton Garden, manufacture and supply this excellent saddle.

Cyclists who contemplate a spin on the Continent are sometimes tempted to give it up because of numerous "bogeys"—such as "duty," "frontier," "carting" of the machine across and rebooking, and "time." But these are mere phantoms as regards Holland, Belgium, and Germany. Machines may now be registered along with luggage via Harwich and the Hook on the Great Eastern Railway Company's route. Accelerated services are now running. This is certainly the best way to enjoy a thorough change. The facilities for travel and living are excellent, and the country is wonderful. As for the roads, those curiously laid brick causeways of the Netherlands are what one expects in the good cyclists' Paradise. In the Ardennes a notable new connection has been established by the completion of the line between Anseremme and Dinant.

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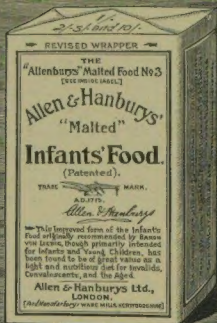
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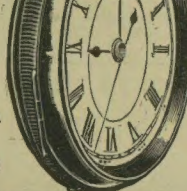
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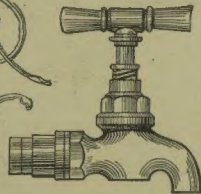
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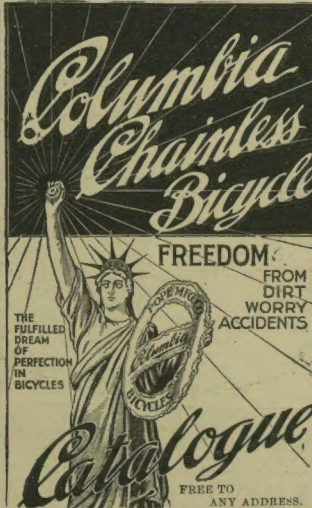
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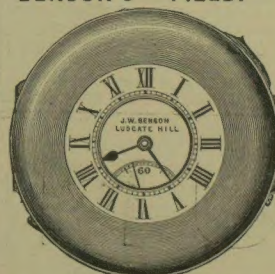
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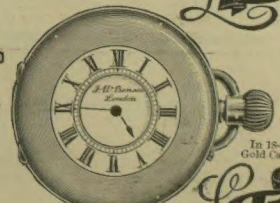
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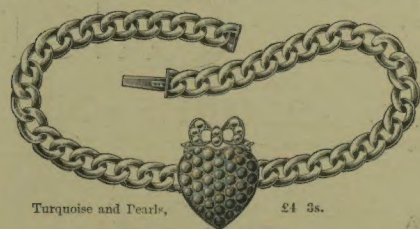
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ART NOTES.

Two rival exhibitions call our attention to what is being done in our country and on the Continent to divert pure etching from its original purpose. Mr. Mortimer Menpes at the Dowdeswell Galleries has contributed five-and-twenty "colour etchings," partly original and partly after well-known pictures. They are executed in dry-point, and printed with differently coloured inks, but how he succeeds in keeping the colours separate is his secret. We can well believe that both care and trouble are involved, but when we look at the results we are doubtful if the pictures justify such an expenditure of time. Mr. Menpes, as an etcher in black and white, has achieved a high position among contemporary artists, and he has no need to resort to such devices as he employs in this exhibition to attract notice. The most successful of his works here are precisely those in which the colour is least obtrusive—"La Salute at Sunset" (23) and "Dutch Boats on the Thames" (21).

M. Jean François Raffaelli, who is exhibiting his "Polychrome Etchings" at the Goupil Galleries, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, proceeds in a very different way, recalling much of the early art of water-colour painting as practised sometimes by Sandby, Turner, and others. These, as we know, often drew their outlines in pencil and afterwards washed in their colours. In like manner

M. Raffaelli etches his scenes of Paris life in the streets and in the boudoir, and dexterously touches up each copy as it is struck off with a slight wash of colour. The general effect is more delicate than Mr. Menpes's colour-printing, for the colouring is made altogether subordinate to the drawing, and in many instances, as in the dress of the actress packing her box, in the bright yellow leaves of the ash-tree "Across the Fields," and the excellent street study "Removing," the colours are in many places absolutely independent of any lines on the plate. M. Raffaelli deserves to be judged by his skill as a pure engraver, and as such he stands quite in the first rank among his fellow-countrymen, who are notoriously exigent in this branch of art.

For those who are interested in the more modern development of etching, the collection of the works of M. Adolphe Besnard at the same gallery will be of high interest. M. Besnard too often wields his needle as if it were a scalpel, and lays bare the hidden thoughts of his subjects with a truly scientific *désvolture*. He is more often powerful rather than pleasing in his pitiless dissection of woman, and occasionally also of man; but the temptation to the etcher to become a moralist dates from the remotest times. M. Besnard's style is always vigorous, and very often he obtains fine effects of contrasted light

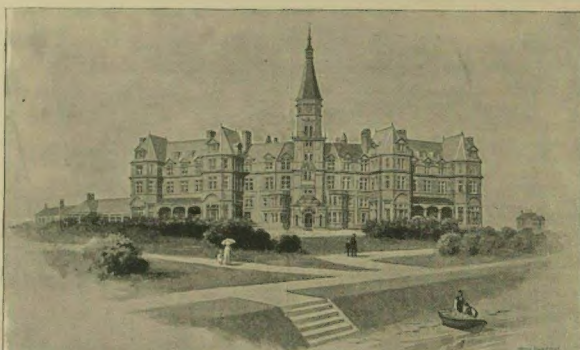
and shadow, but his figures are not always graceful, and they at times even display a lumpiness which is inconsistent with the most modern theories of beauty. He is more likely to be appreciated in his own country than in ours, except by the few who regard the purpose rather than the execution of the work of art.

The contrast offered by the work of the two artists who are exhibiting simultaneously at the Continental Gallery (New Bond Street) is at least startling. Mr. Carruthers Gould—better known as "P. C. G."—is a gay, genial, and withal courteous caricaturist, who can catch with equal readiness the "points" of Radicals and Tories. Five years of Parliamentary experience will afford abundant material to the acute observer, and Mr. Gould is, in addition, a humorous annotator. Whether history can be written by caricaturists, or how far they are worthy to be trusted as historians, is a question which the still unfinished catalogue of the Caricatures in the British Museum leaves unanswered. In the present case, we may thank the artist for bringing vividly before us some of the leading incidents of Mr. Gladstone's last Parliamentary campaign, and to many the ten or more pictures forming this series will be full of interest. The Rival Cocks, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith, the Wei-Hai-Wei Campaign, and the group of "Joeydicea" are among the most successful

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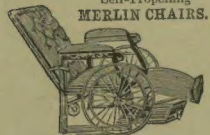
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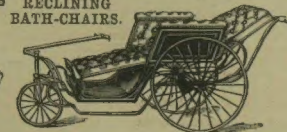


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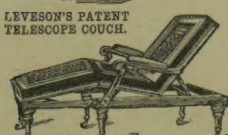
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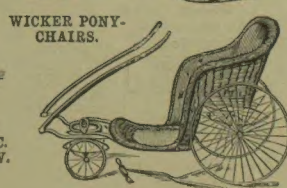


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of Mr. Gould's achievements. His style is essentially crisp, if such a term can be applied to illustration; his tone bright, and he always makes his point without apparent labour to himself or his spectators.

M. Eugène Carrière, on the other hand, transports us at once into the atmosphere of "Pelléas and Mélisande," and we pass between the walls which are crowded with his works in a depressed if not in an awe-stricken frame of mind. His figures loom through the heavy mist; every now and then a fierce eye, seemingly piercing the gloom, has an effect scarcely less ghost-like than that of Goland in the forest of Allemonde. M. Carrière's champions—and they are verbose if not numerous—maintain that he represents an important phase in the evolution of modern art. So far as one may dare to express an opinion, he seems to consider outline as of secondary importance; not that he is unable to draw (for his admirers

declare that he draws like a sculptor), but because his art requires him to do away with everything which he deems unimportant. In his "Théâtre de Belleville," the most noteworthy if not the most successful of his works, there is doubtless remarkable skill in the attitudes and eagerness of some of the figures, and the idea of painting the house only half lighted from the stage is carried out with a due regard to possibility, and the conditions under which the upper gallery studies the drama. In a large number of the single-figure studies—chiefly women—there is a touch of "preciousness" and affectation, which will prevent M. Carrière becoming popular on this side of the Channel. We are willing to admit that his drawing of hands is now and then very expressive; but he seems to fall into the error of making them even more character-revealing than professors of cheiromancy. His landscapes, on the other hand, although, according to the catalogue,

dealing with places as far apart as Brittany and Switzerland, convey no idea of the changing aspects of earth and sky in countries which have nothing in common.

Dr. Waller, the Principal of St. John's, Highbury, has arrived safely at Melbourne, and a cablegram has been received to the effect that he is all the better for the voyage.

The heroes of the Blackwall disaster are not to go without some other reward than that of a good conscience. We are informed by the firm of J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill (who recently sent one of their silver English Lever Ludgate watches to Mr. Tom Cook for his great heroism in rescuing life at the recent accident) that they are sending a similar watch to the Mayor of West Ham with a request that he will kindly present it to the man whose conduct appears to be the most worthy of recognition.

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On June 12, 1898, at 7, Victoria Road, Mazagon, Bombay, the wife of Thomas Bromley of a son (still-born).

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